

# Golden Bridle Poetry Patterns

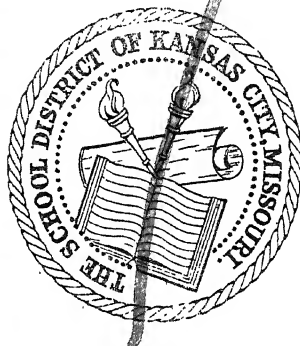
By

John Milton Smither  
and Collaborators



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# Golden Bridle Poetry Patterns

*Classic, Modern, Futuristic*

*for  
Students of Elaborated Poetry*

*Some of the poems in this volume have appeared in The Kansas City Star, The Kansas City Journal, The New Foundland Quarterly, The Lantern, The Bard, Pictorial Review, Tapers To The Sun, Wee Wisdom, Sonnets From the Gallery, Kansas Authors Club Year Book, and Lanier Memorial Poems of Trees.*

*by*  
JOHN MILTON SMITHER  
*and* COLLABORATORS



*Golden Bridle Poetry column editor, John Milton Smither, prizes a letter which he received from Helen Keller thanking him for having sent her a copy of a poem dedicated to her.*

## Column Editor Receives Thanks of Helen Keller.

PRIZED POSSESSION of John Milton Smither, Conductor of the Journal's Golden Bridle Poetry column, is a letter just received from Helen Keller.

Written in appreciation of the receipt of a poem dedicated to her and a copy of Mr. Smither's "Poetry Patterns," Miss Keller's letter follows:

Dear Mr. Smither:

Mingled emotions of pleasure and humble wonder were stirred in me when I received your "Poetry Patterns." Many who pause at the gate of my sequestered life-garden have put beautiful thought-jewels into my hand, but your "Golden Chamber" leaves me almost speechless. The only way I can thank you is to be happy because you perceive that shadows and silence also may enshrine beauty.

With glad confidence I declare that you need not forfeit the senses' magic to gain the Inner Light which is mine. For the poet looks out through your eye, and the music of life-within-life chants in your ear.

The ember of my joy glows brighter with each word-spark you kindle in "May Abloom" and "An Oak." The violets "peeping with elfish eyes" and the tree "juggling the stars" will lend new delight to my woodland rambles and spring's return.

Thanking you for the exquisite happiness you sang into Christmas for me, I am, with cordial New Year greetings,

Sincerely yours,

*Helen Keller*

Miss Keller once wrote, "Observers in the full enjoyment of their bodily senses pity me, but it is because they do not

see the golden chamber where I dwell delighted; for dark as my path may seem to them, I carry a magic light in my heart."

It was this which inspired Mr. Smither to dedicate the following poem to her:

### GOLDEN CHAMBER

Mine the amber of the morning  
    And the golden sheen of noon;  
Mine the crimson of the sunset  
    And the glimmer of the moon.  
  
Mine the dazzle of the planets,  
    Venus, Mercury and Mars;  
Mine the silver of the velvet  
    That is needled by the stars.  
  
Mine the tapestry of summer  
    And the winter's crystal grace;  
Mine the azure of the cosmos  
    And the majesty of space.  
  
But all this I would surrender  
    For the raptured vision caught  
By the heart of Helen Keller  
    In the labyrinth of thought.  
  
Let me glimpse her "golden chamber,"  
    Lend my heart her magic "light;"  
I would forfeit all my treasure  
    For her hearing and her sight.

R. B. JONES & SONS Inc.  
Kansas City, Missouri  
January 24, 1939

Dear Mr. Smither:

Confirming our recent telephone conversation, I know you will be interested in the immediate reaction of Miss Helen Keller to the poem concerning her included in your delightful volume, "Poetry Patterns."

When your book arrived, I personally delivered it to Miss Polly Thompson, Miss Keller's secretary, who found the poem at once and by means of the manual alphabet (that is, transmitting the poem through Miss Thompson's fingers to the palm of Miss Keller's hand) read your poem to Miss Keller.

The first two lines immediately caught Miss Keller's attention, as expressed by her attitude and particularly her facial expression. She seemed to sense the beauty that was to follow. After that with almost each line of your verse, Miss Keller either raised her hands to the level of her face or clasped them vigorously and enthusiastically. Several times she tried to interrupt Miss Thompson who, however, continued to read to the end of the poem. Then Miss Keller expressed her rapture and delight by several sentences and said that she considered your poem one of the most beautiful expressions that she had ever read.

Miss Keller referred to your poem several times while she remained as our guest and I assure you that the expressions in her letter to you were most sincere and from her heart.

Yours very truly,  
R. Bryson Jones

EXECUTIVE OFFICE  
State of Missouri

Mr. John Milton Smither,  
Conductor, Poetry Column,  
Kansas City Journal  
My dear Mr. Smither:

I have enjoyed very much reading the "Golden Bridle Poetry Column," conducted by you. It is most interesting.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,  
Lloyd C. Stark  
Governor

The University of Kansas City  
February 3, 1939

Mr. John Milton Smither,  
Kansas City Journal  
Dear Mr. Smither:

I took pleasure in reading the newspaper article you sent me. "Golden Chamber" is a beautiful poem. I do not wonder that Helen Keller wrote to you as she did.

Sincerely yours,  
Alexander P. Cappon  
Editor, University Review



The Kansas Authors Club  
January 18, 1939

John Milton Smither,  
Kansas City, Mo.  
My dear Mr. Smither:

I am deeply indebted to you for the clippings sent me January 9th, and want to thank you for having the pleasure of reading one of the finest bits of prose I have ever seen. You must have had a real thrill out of Miss Keller's letter. There are few who may claim this distinction and your poem "Golden Chamber" is a lovely thing.

I want to use this letter from Miss Keller in the Yearbook; also will give a write-up of your column as well with your permission.

Again thanking you,  
Cordially yours,  
*Patricia Mueller*

NATIONAL POETRY CENTER  
"Radio City" Rockefeller Center  
New York City

February 8, 1939

Mr. John Milton Smither,  
Kansas City, Mo.  
My dear Mr. Smither:

May I have the honor of your name as organizer of The Scribes of the Golden Bridle, on my Poetry Week Council? It would indeed be a privilege to have your distinguished organization represented.

Most cordially yours,  
*Anita Browne,*

*From the New Foundland Quarterly*

Mr. Smither has contributed many poems of outstanding excellence to this magazine, and our earnest hope is that he shall continue in the full exercise of that special and precious gift of the poetic soul, "the divine afflatus," which the increasing years but seem to strengthen in our esteemed contributor.

*Editor*

## GOLDEN BRIDLE POETRY STANDARD

Perfect English  
Perfects poetry,  
Flowered  
With symbol,  
Metaphor, simile,  
Personification,  
Apostrophe,  
Antithesis,  
Hyperbole,  
Onomatopoeia,  
Syzygy,  
Tone color,  
Metonymy,  
And allegory,  
Beauty  
Our ambrosia.

### AVOID

Deformed English  
Deforms poetry.  
The aspiring  
Scribes Of The Golden Bridle  
Must avoid such deformities of English, as—  
Aphaeresis, 'tis, 'mid;  
Apocope, ope', oft';  
Synaeresis, I'll, that's;  
Syncope, ne'er, o'er;  
Prosthesis, a-down, a-twinkle;  
Archaism, thee, loveth;  
Battology, needless repetition;  
Catachresis, awkward figures of speech;  
Colloquialism, old fashioned, obsolete diction;  
Prolixity, aimless detail;  
Tautology, doubly expressed thought;  
Verbosity, more words than necessary, etc.  
For inevitable words,  
And pearls of metaphor,  
Dive into the channel  
Of the Dictionary.

## NINE MAGIC FEET

— —	The stars	Iambus
— —	Twinkle	Trochee
— — —	Brilliantly,	Dactyl
— — —	And the moon	Anapest
— — —	Is opal.	Amphibrach
— — —	Filtered light	Amphimacer
— — — —	Silvers the dome	Choriamb
— —	Of the	Pyrrhic
— —	Night Sky.	Spondee

## GOLDEN BRIDLE BOUQUET OF TWENTY-SIX FEET

Foot Sign		Feet
— — — —	Golden Bridle	Ditrochee
— — — —	Bouquet of feet,	Iambduple
— — — — —	The rainbow in bloom,	Dochmius
— — — —	The rose,	Iambus
— — — —	Lily,	Trochee
— — — —	And the phlox;	Anapest
— — — —	Hyacinth,	Dactyl
— — — —	Narcissus,	Amphibrach
— — — —	Mignonette,	Amphimacer
— — — — —	Heliotrope,	Choriamb
— — — — —	The corn flower,	Antichoriamb
— — — — —	Wild blue bell,	Molossus
— — — — —	And the	Pyrrhic
— — — — —	Primrose.	Spondee
— — — — —	Then we have the	Paeon 1
— — — — —	Gaillardia,	Paeon 2
— — — — —	The carnation,	Paeon 3
— — — — —	And fleur-de-lis.	Paeon 4
— — — — —	The foxglove,	Bacchius
— — — — —	Snapdragon,	Antibacchius
— — — — —	The swan's down rose,	Epitrite 1
— — — — —	Orchid, sweet pea,	Epitrite 2
— — — — —	Plumed goldenrod,	Epitrite 3
— — — — —	Blackeyed Susan,	Epitrite 4
— — — — —	Red columbine,	Minor Ionic
— — — — —	And the moss pink.	Major Ionic

## APPRAISEMENT OF POETRY

*An adaptation by John Milton Smither, Poetry  
Editor Kansas City Journal,  
From an essay by John P. Gilday  
Poetry Editor Kansas City Star*

Poetry teaches us how to live well.  
It idealizes life,  
And shapes our motives  
And aspirations toward higher ends and aims.  
It unfolds to us the higher meanings  
Of life, gives us courage to face misfortunes  
And peril, resignation under tragedies  
And disappointments, humility  
Before the awesome and reverential  
Mysteries of life, exultation  
In the presence of nature's sublimities,  
Enthusiasm in the performance  
Of our appointed tasks,  
And delight in mere existence.  
Poems have led nations to war  
And soldiers to battle,  
Soothed them by their campfires  
And kept their memories green  
If they were called upon to pay  
The last full measure of devotion  
To their country's cause.  
These are poetry's trumpet tones.  
But poetry loves best the ways of peace,  
The abiding places of beauty and loveliness,  
And to these she leads her votaries.  
I do not mean that the poet avoids  
The tragedies or miseries of life.  
The beauty and loveliness to which I refer  
Is that poetic beauty and loveliness  
That gilds with its alchemy of idealization  
Even the ugliness and evil of life,  
That finds a balm for sorrow, a beauty  
In tragedy, a solace in death,  
And even a heroism in the brutalities  
Of human courage and daring.  
Only with an understanding of both  
The joys and sorrows of life,  
Can we understand life—  
The meaning of life—  
And poetry gives us that understanding,  
And sublimates all our experiences  
Into the most exalted of all philosophies.

# SEVEN BASIC RHYTHMS

## PATTERN ONE *Couplet Pennant*

Iambus Rhythm  
Foot Sign — —

Pentameter  
Acatalectic

### MAY ABLOOM

I climbed a bluff above the river's bend  
With May abloom  
While dawn had gold to lend;  
I met the Haw  
Who wore a gown of lace,  
And greeted me with joyance in her face;  
And Violets  
Were peeping from the turf,  
With elfish eyes  
That matched the azure surf;  
Sweet Williams danced like pixies on parade,  
And Columbines  
Held candles in the shade;  
I climbed as dawn  
Wove beauty with her loom,  
And on the bluff I captured May abloom.

## PATTERN TWO *Couplet Pennant*

Dactyl Rhythm  
Foot Sign — — —

Tetrameter  
Catalectic

### AN OAK

Yonder an Oak at the top of a hill  
Stands like a sentinel, sturdy and still,  
Brushing the sky  
At the glimmer of dawn,  
Basking in glee  
When the shadows are gone;  
Pilfering gold from the coffers of noon,  
Salvaging silver at wake of the moon;  
Brandishing coin  
When the heavens are bright,  
Juggling the stars  
In the cavern of night;  
Stormed by the elements time and again,  
Symbol of triumph and teacher of men.

PATTERN THREE *Couplet Pennant*

Trochee Rhythm  
Foot Sign — ˘

Tetrameter  
Catalectic

# SUMMER

Drenching dawn with filtered gold  
Summer wakes the herd and fold,  
Tunes the cardinal  
With mirth,  
As the shadows  
Flee the earth.  
Drums for rain and deigns to spread.  
Prismy colors over-head;  
Paves with gold  
The rippled sea,  
Paints the blossoms  
Of the lea.  
Stains the foliage and grass,  
Turns the wheat to molten brass;  
Flavors fruit  
Till mellow ripe,  
Purple, red  
And every type.  
Summer robed in beauty's guise,  
Sky and earth her Paradise.

PATTERN FOUR *Random Pennant*

Anapest Rhythm  
Variable  
Foot Sign ˘ ˘ —

Tetrameter  
Variable

# VESPER MELODY

From a tree in the valley a cardinal sang,  
Good cheer! good cheer!  
Good cheer!  
In its vespereal sweetness the melody rang,  
So blithely, wild and clear.

And a thrush from the bramble responded to him  
With the silvery trill  
Of a rill;  
It was eve and light of the heavens was dim,  
And the breath of the forest was still.

PATTERN FIVE      *Couplet Pennant*

Amphibrach Rhythm  
Foot Sign     $\cup$  —  $\cup$

Tetrameter  
Catalectic

## JUNE

You dance like a nymph in the trail of the moon,  
And leap up the sky with the banners of noon.  
You sit on the clouds  
In your ruffles and lace,  
A queen on your throne  
With a smile on your face.  
You color the rainbow  
With luminous dye  
When showers of crystal are veiling the sky.  
The fire of the lily and flame of the rose  
You mingle in beauty  
And gaily disclose.  
You come to the earth  
On the wings of a breeze,  
And sing with the birds  
In the arms of the trees.  
You sprinkle the stars in the purple lagoon  
When lovers delight in the rapturous boon.

PATTERN SIX      *Anapest*

## RAPTURE OF JUNE

In the rapture of June  
    When the heavens were neuter,  
I saluted the moon  
From a placid lagoon,  
And the water was strewn  
    With the dapples of pewter,  
In the rapture of June  
    When the heavens were neuter.

Amphimacer Rhythm  
 Foot Sign — ∪ —

Dimeter  
 Acatalectic

## WHIPPOORWILL

Day is done, night is still,  
 Spring has changed  
 Winter's chill  
 To a song,  
 O the thrill  
 Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!  
 Where the moon's silver rill  
 Floods the moor,  
 Dale and hill,  
 Dulcet notes  
 Lilt and spill,  
 Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!  
 Trees have donned lace and frill;  
 Tulip, pink  
 Daffodil  
 Fade with day's  
 Window sill,  
 Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!

## SILVER SCHOONER

Silver Schooner,  
 Glimmering high above us,  
 Dimming planets,  
 Mercury, Mars and Venus;  
 Saturn, Neptune,  
 Jupiter and Uranus,  
 Queen of the cosmos.  
  
 Shedding beauty,  
 Silvering earth beneath us,  
 Flooding ocean,  
 Continent, island, isthmus;  
 Silver sequins lavishly  
 You bequeath us,  
 Queen of the cosmos.



Choriamb Rhythm  
 Foot Sign — ∪ ∪ —

Dimeter  
 Acatalectic

## BEAUTY IS BORN

Winter is shorn, summer is here,  
 Beauty is born, heaven is near.  
 Poppies in flame  
 Redden the lawn,  
 Just as the sun reddens the dawn.  
 Hollyhocks hold tapers of June,  
 Blent with the clouds  
 Curtaining noon.  
 Lilies in white sway with the breeze,  
 Choristers give voice to the trees.  
 Marigolds smile,  
 Daffodils hold  
 Up to the sun goblets of gold.  
 Columbines wave candles of light  
 Over the turf  
 After the night.  
 Winter is shorn, summer is here,  
 Beauty is born, heaven is near.

PATTERN TEN *Mosaic Unrhymed*

## ONOMATOPOEIA

I stood facing the ocean,  
 As the sun from his crucible,  
 Poured over it molten gold,  
 When the wrinkled tide  
 Burned with the glint of metal,  
 And leaped like flame,  
 Against the coastal ledge,  
 And collapsed with the booming cry  
 Of Om! the matrix of all sounds.

SARA TEASDALE

She left her flame her shadow spent,  
Bequeathed the world her fine intent,  
    Her jewelled thought emitting light,  
    The mintage gathered in her flight  
The little while before she went.

She worshiped beauty, heart content,  
Partook of it as sacrament  
    So sacred was it in her sight;  
    She left her flame.

And now away her name is blent  
With the immortals Time has sent,  
    Beyond the reach of dimming night,  
    And glows arrayed in starry white  
For still her voice is eloquent,  
    She left her flame.

PATTERN TWELVE *Mosaic Unrhymed*

PADEREWSKI'S MINUET

When Paderewski played  
His Minuet,  
I saw colors  
Of which rainbows are made,  
And flowers are petaled;  
And I heard  
The silver feet of rain  
Patter a refrain;  
Heard the oriole's piccolo,  
The streamlets laughter,  
And the cataract's rolling thunder.  
I heard the tempo and wonder  
Of ethereal music,  
When Paderewski played  
His Minuet.

### WEAVER OF BEAUTY

Today I saw a spider  
Weave a gossamer wheel;  
A spider  
Smaller than a fly;  
The diminutive artist  
Wove the circle  
With thread upon thread,  
And made a hitch  
At each fragile spoke.  
And as her work progressed,  
The gleams of morning light  
Were caught by the pattern,  
And beauty  
Like shimmer of pearl  
Hung in the air.

### TAJ MAHAL

Taj Mahal,  
Full blown rose  
Of architecture;  
Distilled beauty;  
Frozen magnificence;  
Rhapsody of loveliness.  
A poem  
Of white alabaster  
Shading to pink,  
Rose and purple,  
As the hours  
Revolve  
On the dial  
Of time.

## ART SHOP OF NIGHT

The art shop of night;  
Silver  
Medallion  
Rainbow  
Tiara,  
And diamond  
Solitaires  
Displayed  
On black  
Taffeta,  
With fused light  
Edging  
The drapery.

## MY CATHEDRAL

The arched sky flaming  
    With the paints of dawn,  
The star bright canopy  
    When day is gone.

Cloud ships  
    Through the heavens winging,  
Bird choristers  
    In the spring time singing.

Forest ranges  
    Edging the sky with green,  
Orchards lifting again  
    A snowy screen.

Carpeted aisles  
    Beneath the verdant bowers,  
Diversely strewn  
    With fern-spray and flowers.

Summer's verdure and bloom,  
    Winter's crystal,  
Here I worship  
    In my cathedral.

## SUNDIAL

The Season's golden smile reveals to me  
The shining rapture of Eternity.  
When hazy Autumn  
Spreads a fiery wing  
Against the sky,  
And birds have ceased to sing;  
Or whether Winter robes the earth in white,  
And flushes dawn with gleams of opal light;  
Or Flowers wave  
Their banners in the Spring,  
When migrant birds  
Return with caroling,  
The Season's golden smile reveals to me  
The shining rapture of Eternity.

## CITADEL OF SILENCE

Citadel of silence, holy and divine,  
Vestibule of heaven, God's eternal shrine,  
Where the gracious Father  
Dwelleth to impart  
Truth that giveth vision  
To the yearning heart;  
Bringing men together in the light of good,  
Teaching all who listen human brotherhood.  
Teaching peace and friendship  
From the court above,  
Message for the nations  
In the bond of love.  
Citadel of silence, holy and divine,  
Vestibule of heaven, God's eternal shrine.

PATTERN NINETEEN

*Mosaic Unrhymed*

RHODODENDRON

Snow-bank of beauty;  
A drift of Fairy bonnets  
Frilled, ruffled,  
And splashed  
With pearl-glint,  
Shell-pink  
And midnight purple.  
Dust transmuted  
To loveliness  
By the  
Divine Artist.

PATTERN TWENTY

*Iambus*

GOLDENROD

Like foam  
Of gold  
Upon a sea  
Of jade,  
The goldenrod  
In blossom  
Is displayed.  
It ripples  
With the flurry  
Of a breeze,  
In wide expanse  
Like waters  
Of the seas.

PATTERN TWENTY-ONE

*Mosaic Rhymed*

NOVEMBER ART

November's breath  
Veiled the sky with gray,  
And snow  
White as a lily's cheek  
Sifted through the dark,  
And queen's lace  
Was hung about the trees,  
And spread over  
The gold-leaf quilt  
Of the ground,  
Fold on fold,  
Frill on frill;  
God, what art,  
Born of November's  
Chill heart.

## THIS IS MY HOUR

This is my hour to live,  
To garner truth and give,  
Exercising power of body and mind,  
The past is night, devoid of life and light,  
Oblivion's ebon blind.

This is my hour to live,  
To garner truth and give,  
My watch tower, my citadel,  
My heaven where all is well;  
My golden morn, the future is unborn.

This is my hour to live,  
To garner truth and give;  
Now, the eternal Now!  
Is God's hour and mine,  
Truth is in flower,  
Beauty is my ambrosia,  
Joy my wine,  
This is my hour to live,  
To garner truth and give,  
Life is divine.

## JUNE DUSK

June dusk	The thrush's
And a woody dell,	Vesper lute,
Bloom and musk,	A red bird's
Trees and bramble,	Dulcet flute,
A place to ramble.	The sky
	A sounding shell.

June dusk  
And a woody dell,  
The hush,  
The thrush,  
A red bird,  
And the magic spell.

### SEA SHELL CUP

Rambling along  
In a song-sweet wood,  
I came upon beauty  
Where a cabin stood;  
An oriental poppy  
Looking up,  
Held tree-filtered gold  
In a sea-shell cup.

### DANCE OF FLOWERS

Come with the wind  
To the dance  
Of the flowers,  
Out on the hills  
Where the cardinals sing;  
Mayapple, columbine,  
Hailing the showers,  
Violets  
Donning  
Their bonnets  
Of spring.

Beauty above  
In the shimmer  
Of morning,  
Beauty beneath  
As the  
Flowers unfold;  
Flora,  
The goddess,  
Is deftly  
Adorning  
The gardens  
With blossoms  
White, crimson and gold.



## GOD OF FLOWERS

When I see a pansy  
    Looking at the skies,  
Early in the morning  
    With its dewy eyes,  
Then I know where rainbows  
    Get their solar dyes.

When the tiger lily's  
    Petals are unfurled,  
In the glow of morning  
    With the sky impearled,  
I must stop and ponder  
    Beauty's magic world.

When the God of flowers  
    Writes His shining name  
With the light of morning  
    Where the petals flame,  
Then my heart is lifted  
    Voiceful with acclaim.

## REDBIRD

I saw a redbird flash his wing,  
And from a tree  
Salute  
The sunrise  
With his flute,  
When wintry chill gave way to spring.  
He made the crispy welkin ring,  
And turned the sky  
To June  
By magic  
Of his tune,  
So joyous was his caroling.

## BLUE BIRD

The dawn  
 Was pearl;  
 The lawn  
 Was glass,  
 For sleet like glue  
 Had sealed the grass;  
 With chill of heart  
 I stopped to view  
 The work of art,  
 But heard a song  
 And saw it pass  
 On wings of blue;  
 Then well I knew  
 The winds would tune  
 Ere long  
 The leaf-clad harps  
 Of June,  
 And enchant the earth  
 With roses,  
 Silvered  
 By the moon.

## WHIPPOORWILL SERENADE

Beauty of the evening star,  
 Glittering in the ebon dome;  
 Beauty of the rising moon,  
 Floating in the opal foam,  
 Pouring silver over dune,  
 Valley, river and lagoon;  
 Notes of silver in the glade,  
 "Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"  
 O, the welcome serenade,  
 Verdure now is spreading shade,  
 "Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

## SPRING

Now the sun quells the cold,  
Paints the dawn ruddy gold,  
While the thrush in salute  
Greets the spring with his flute.

Flakes of sky strew the dells  
Where the buds turn to bells,  
And the trees leaf and dress  
In the sun's warm caress.

And the moon, opal-white,  
Melts the dark with her light,  
Leaving smiles in her wake  
Over crag, moor and lake.

And the night growing still,  
Silver notes lilt and spill  
From the cove of a hill,  
Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!

## THE THRUSH

When the morning is gold  
And the flowers unfold  
With cerise on the cloud,  
And the bugle is loud  
From the spray of a tree,

With the thrush I am free,  
For my heart is consoled,  
And is lost to the crowd,  
With its winging endowed  
By the song and the glee.

## NATURE'S FINERY

I love to hear the throistle sing  
Within the bloomy gates of spring,  
The heavens shimmering.

While forest fringes dip and sway  
Against the golden rim of day,  
Afar and billowy.

I love the clouds in rumpled mass,  
The rainbow cut like colored glass,  
As jeweled showers pass.

And then to hear the whippoorwill  
Secluded on a wooded hill,  
Where silver moonbeams spill.

I love the changes of the sky,  
As well, the seasons passing by,  
In nature's finery.

## MORPHEUS

From the cares of life to wander  
Far apart to dream and ponder,  
    Midnight walled my quiet chamber  
    And concealed my open door;  
Morpheus was I imploring  
To admit of my exploring,  
    Crannies of his world to plunder,  
    To traverse its mystic shore,  
When there came a signal whisper  
    Wafting through my chamber door  
    Lisping: "Time shall be no more."

Slowly then the veil was sundered,  
In the distance music thundered;  
    As I floated from my chamber  
    Earth dissolved and was no more;  
There supernal light was dawning,  
Morpheus removed the awning,  
    Hills and cities ranged before me,  
    And ethereal was the shore;  
Throngs of people were suspended,  
    Effortless they seemed to soar,  
    Lisping: "Time shall be no more."

Naught of grime or toil or labor  
There befell the lowest neighbor,  
    For the lowly were the equal  
    Of the lordly on that shore;  
All were fellows of one union,  
In delight they held communion,  
    Mortal factions were unknown there,  
    Morpheus revealed the lore,  
So I joined in their communion  
    Just as others had before,  
    Lisping: "Time shall be no more."

## MISSOURI

When at mast our banner waves,  
    And the colors in the blue  
    Stir the valor of the true,  
In the field of azure there  
In the center is a star,  
Brighter than the others are,  
    As the symbol of the fame  
    Of the cherished Indian name,  
    Missouri.

From Kentucky, Tennessee,  
    And Virginia came our sires,  
    Honest, hardy pioneers,  
Foresters of rugged ways  
Were these vanguards of the maze  
Of Missouri's early days,  
    Yet they founded lasting fame  
    For the cherished Indian name,  
    Missouri.

Though Missouri were cut off  
    From the world it has been said,  
    Thirty million could have bread  
And the comforts they would need,  
It is such a land of meed,  
Treasure laden state indeed,  
    Bearing that peculiar fame  
    Of the cherished Indian name,  
    Missouri.

## OLD GLORY

Old Glory! Old Glory! unfurling today,  
 Lashing and flashing in gallant array,  
 Landward and seaward,  
 The hope of the slave,  
 Spangled, star-spangled,  
 The flag of the brave;  
 Heartache and heartbreak,  
 The price of thy fold,  
 Wave on and guide on, our liberty hold;  
 Friendship and kinship, thy colors secure,  
 Rending and ending  
 Autocracy's lure;  
 Rainbow and halo,  
 The red, white and blue,  
 Bought by and sought by  
 The brave and the true;  
 Blood bought and soul wrought, beauty unfurled,  
 Old Glory! Old Glory! peace save to the world.

## GOD IS A POET

God is a poet, His tome is the cosmos  
 Worded in fire  
 On the infinite scroll,  
 Picturing dawn  
 With the sun in his palace,  
 Planets and stars in the ebony bowl.  
 Garnishing summer with verdure and flowers,  
 Massing flotillas  
 Of silver and gold;  
 Painting the scenes  
 Of the seasonal beauty,  
 Featuring winter prismatic and cold.  
 Never repeating a dawn or a sunset,  
 Only displaying  
 Perpetual change;  
 Never a duplicate  
 Summer or winter,  
 His tome is the cosmos of infinite range.

## AUTUMN

If you would see  
The winding river-stream  
Reflect the latest  
Sunset gleam;

If you would see  
A magic leaf design,  
Of tapestry  
In gold and wine,

Come hie away  
Where Autumn spills,  
The glint of day  
Among the river hills.

If you would see  
The winding river-stream,  
A steamboat plying  
As you dream;

A rail-train  
Like a toy go rolling by,  
An air-plane  
Like a dragonfly,

Come hie away  
Where Autumn spills,  
The glint of day  
Among the river hills.

## POET

The poet	His encyclopedia,
Cannot forfeit	Truth his sustenance,
Freedom.	Human brotherhood
The earth	His utopia,
Is his text book,	And God
The universe	His Emancipator.

## TAPAWINGO

At Tapawingo  
 When the sun was low,  
 I saw his wings of gold  
 Unfold,  
 And blazon  
 The water  
 Like burnished sky  
 Dazzling the eye.  
 But soon  
 The shimmer  
 Faded away,  
 And the moon  
 Succeeding day,  
 From her silver isle  
 Made the water smile,  
 And the stars  
 Full abloom,  
 Spangled the gloom,  
 And fell  
 Pell-mell  
 From the skies,  
 And gemmed the lake  
 With myriad eyes.

## SALVIA AND HUMMINGBIRD

To Autumn's  
 Bonfire  
 Of salvia  
 There came  
 A hummingbird,  
 Like a moth  
 To the flame,—  
 An entrancing specter,  
 That cup by cup  
 Sipped of nectar.



## JULY PANTOMIME

Dusk dimming  
The gold of sunset;  
An oak  
In the tenacles  
Of a trumpet vine  
Wound about  
With crimson flame.  
Two slight forms

Darting phantom-like  
Livening the fiery pillar  
As its beauty fades  
In the gleams of dying day.  
Shadowy squirrels  
In pantomime,  
Closing the play.

## TIGER LILY

Tiger lily,  
Alien,  
Half a world  
From your native soil,  
Your coral throat  
Splashed  
With purple;  
Your wind touched anthers

Quivering;  
Your stem  
Bristling  
With emerald blades.  
Transcript of beauty,  
My eyes feast  
At your altar.

## SILVER SPIDER

I saw  
The autumn moon,  
In her  
Iridescent  
Tiara,  
Veil the sky

With her  
Web of light,  
Snaring  
The stars  
Like a great  
Silver spider.

## SUMMER IS HERE

Yonder a tree ringing with glee,  
Shelters a bird;  
Cadence of bliss sweeter than this  
Never was heard.

Summer is here, roses appear,  
Musical theme;  
Sing in delight morning and night,  
Sweet as a dream.

## SUMMER SKIES

I love the summer skies  
That burnish the mountains,  
Distil the waters,  
And drape the trees  
With verdant shade  
Where birds may nest  
And pipe their melodies.

Summer skies  
That coax the flowers  
From the soil,  
And green the fields  
With promise of bounty  
Against the toll of winter.

## FLOWERS

They speak,  
I hear;  
They have voice,  
I have ear.

They give pleasure;  
I love it,  
God above it.

Sky glistens  
In them,  
Earth smiles  
Through them;

Dew gives them eyes,  
I thrill  
With surprise.

## TIGRIDIA

Tigridia, your beauty is the smile  
 Of Him who hangs  
 The stars above the earth,  
 As beacons in the tower  
 Of night, and sends,  
 The moon to veil you with her silver floss,  
 And sets ajar the gates of dawn to let  
 The king of day  
 Salute you with a kiss,  
 For you are queen where flowers bloom, the last  
 Finger-print of the Infinite Artist;  
 You are the poem  
 God has sent to me;  
 Tigridia,  
 One sight of you, and now,  
 You flower in memory's golden urn.

## SKY SWANS

The silver swans that swim at night,  
     High above,  
 Upon the lake of silver light  
     Age on age,  
     Must engage  
 Attention of the poet's eye  
 Lest beauty's charm should wane and die  
     Lost to love.  
 The golden swans that float at noon,  
     In the bowl,  
 Upon the golden tide of June,  
     Flocks at rest  
     On the crest,  
 There flung across the azure space,  
 And poising in majestic grace,  
     Charm the soul.  
 Naught else can stir the poet's heart  
     To the core.  
 Naught else but beauty's subtle art,  
     In the maze  
     Of nights and days,  
 Inspires the genius looking where  
 The scenes reveal in sky and air,  
     Beauty's shore.

## BEAUTY

O Beauty, at morning you wake from your lair,  
With gold of the cosmos you burnish the day;  
At evening you dangle the stars in the air  
And sail with the moon in your revelous play.

You fondle the flowers with fingers of rain,  
And luster the clouds with your girdle of light,  
Surveying the ocean, the mountain and plain,  
And draping with glory the earth in its flight.

The spring is your passion, the urge of your soul,  
The flowers you match with the tints of the sky;  
The seasons you marshal from tropics to pole  
And follow the blossoms with harvest supply.

O Beauty! Eternal creator of art,  
You silver the dreams of the cloistered heart.

## AUTUMN SUNSET

Above the river hills  
Fringed with trees,  
Onyx mountains  
With opal peaks and crags,  
Wall the caldron of sunset.  
Yonder at the center,  
A figure,  
A veritable Goliath,  
In helmet of gold,  
Rises from a gulch.  
To the right  
The Lion of Lucerne  
Is carved  
From a cliff of pearl.  
To the left  
A golden salamander  
Swims in a lake of flame.  
And over the distant divide,  
A thousand brazen horses  
Sweep majestically  
Toward eternal vastness.

## GALLERY OF ART

Zeus, from the silences of peace,  
Again beholds "The glory that was Greece."

The sun remembering lays hold  
Of such artistry with finger-tips of gold.

The moon her olden silver wing  
Spreads above this monumental thing.

The stars look down in mass astonishment  
At William Rockhill Nelson's accomplishment.

And man sees works within these portals  
Commemorating the immortals.

Now, let the world look to its laurels of art,  
Here is a frozen dream of majesty  
In America's heart.

## LIBERTY MEMORIAL

The shaft implores the heavens  
That war may be no more;  
It is the voice of legions  
Who paid the price in gore.

The sphinxes veil their faces  
With wings of carven stone,  
The utterers of sorrow  
In one eternal moan.

The living, awed and solemn,  
Review the holy shrine,  
In hope the future never  
May hear the shrapnel whine;

In hope that man may waken  
From his primeval mood,  
And nation keep with nation  
The truce of brotherhood.

## SILVER YACHT

Silver Yacht, with sails of light,  
Fling out your gleams and silver night;  
Silver Yacht  
Cut through the spray  
Put out and sail  
The milky way.  
Sail through the sheen of silver bars,  
The glitter of the silver stars.  
Silver Moon,  
My Silver Yacht,  
Take me to port  
Where time is not,  
Where I may ponder heart a gleam,  
And weave of hope a silver dream.

## POET'S GOLD

Gold for the poet at morning and noon  
Paling to silver at wake of the moon;  
Gold of the rainbow  
A gleam in the sky, flag of the argosy  
Thundering by.  
Gold of the oriole  
Coming awing, piping his piccolo,  
Herald of spring.  
Gold of the butterfly, airy and coy,  
Ever alluring, the symbol of joy.  
Gold of the blossoms  
The seasons disclose, marigold, jonquil,  
Gaillardia, rose.  
Gold of the garden,  
The orchard and field, fruitage of harvest  
In bountiful yield.  
Gold for the taking, the coin of the muse,  
Treasure the poet is never to lose.

## MAJESTY OF NATURE

Molten pearl of dawn, ruby cliffs of sunset,  
Silver spangled night; majesty of nature.

When the petals of dawn are unfurled,  
And the cliffs of the sky are impearled,  
I am lifted and freed from the world,  
For Paradise is near.

Leaden canopy above, thunder-crash and shower,  
Sunburst and rainbow; majesty of nature.

When the sky is a turbulent plain,  
With the thunder and crystalline rain,  
And the arc with its colorful stain,  
Then God I see and hear.

Tapestry of summer, harvest gold of autumn,  
Ermine robe of winter; majesty of nature.

When the blossoms of summer unfold,  
When the harvest is laden with gold,  
And the winter is etched with cold,  
Then ecstasy is mine.

Molten pearl of dawn, ruby cliffs of sunset,  
Silver spangled night; majesty of nature.

## SNOW

The eider-down of winter  
Weaves a shawl  
Upon the loom  
Of crystal laden air,  
And spreads it over earth  
To catch the glare  
Of prisms light  
By day and night,  
And there  
Does beauty testify  
Of God to all.

## SPRING

When spring shellacs the sky with gold  
     And walls the earth against the dark,  
 And bids the choral tide unfold  
     With breath of rose and song of lark,  
 With plowboy whistle on the air  
     When spring shellacs the sky with gold,  
 The universe is very fair  
     With beauty mine to have and hold.  
 Then being free from winter's cold  
     Is a delight I fondly share,  
 When spring shellacs the sky with gold  
     For all the creatures everywhere.  
 The teeming life beneath the blue,  
     While beauty yet superbly old  
 Is brought before the mortal view  
     When spring shellacs the sky with gold.

## ALL IS BEAUTY

There is  
 No ugliness  
 When the moon silvers night,  
 And the meadow of stars enchants  
 The eye.  
 Nor when  
 The risen sun  
 Impearls the sky at dawn,  
 And mounts the terraced clouds to reach  
 His throne.  
 And all  
 Is beauty when  
 The lord of day descends  
 Behind the spangled shadow-screen  
 Of night.  
 Likewise  
 All is beauty  
 When contemplative thought  
 Surveys the eternal vistas  
 Of truth.



## LUPINE PAINTED HILLS

The lupine painted hills, my Paradise,  
Enkindled where the sunset gold  
Is poured, and beauty dwells,  
There dreams inspire  
My heart;  
Such art  
In tongues of fire,  
Speaks to me and impels  
My soul to rouse and spread its bold  
And searching wings, elate for homeward skies;  
There I would soar beyond the storms and rise  
Above the weather's heat and cold,  
Where spheric music swells  
As from a lyre,  
Its part  
To start  
Earth's lyric choir,  
Which sings, and singing tells  
Of loveliness the days unfold,  
The lupine painted hills, my Paradise.

## VERITY

When I behold the sky phenomenon,  
See poppies wave  
Their banners to the sun,  
And violets  
Come creeping from the sod,  
I know by sense of sight there is a God.  
When I observe the orchard of the Spring,  
And hear the cardinal  
In rapture sing;  
When Autumn turns to gold  
The grain and fruit,  
The care of God is then beyond dispute.  
And when I hear the sweet, still voice within,  
And feel the surge of life,  
My origin,  
The passion of my heart  
Is set aflame,  
When God in truth I know, adore, proclaim.

## AT NIGHT

At night the poet with enchanted eye  
    Reads lyrics in the maze of silver bars  
That glitter on the parchment of the sky,  
  
The verses that are lettered with the stars  
    And voiced with rhythm of a muted tune  
From harps of Pluto, Jupiter and Mars,  
  
From which the devotee derives a boon,  
    And as the magic brings the earth to flower,  
He dips into the chalice of the moon.  
  
And being moved by an ecstatic power,  
    Observing night as moments slowly turn,  
He feels the solace of the holy hour,  
  
And understands why mortals ever yearn  
For beauty's silver torches, as they burn.

## NATURE'S ART

I stood and looked upon the sea as day  
    Emerged above the ebon shore of night,  
And saw the king of dawn in gold array  
    Thrust forth across the sea a flood of light;  
And watched the burnished billows leap and bray,  
    As shadows vanished in their hurried flight;  
And then I pondered with a solemn heart,  
The mastery of God in Nature's art.

## GALILEO

When Galileo with the telescope  
 Made bold to search the fiery sky, he brought  
 To earth a burst of truth, suffice to cope  
     With superstition that had clouded thought  
 Through ages while the world had been mistaught.  
 He found the moon reflected borrowed light;  
     That earth revolves around the sun; he probed  
 The milky-way and solved its cosmic flight,  
 And brought the hidden moons of Jupiter to sight.

From that beginning man has ventured on,  
     With truth enlarging at his further search,  
 In radiance surpassing that of dawn,  
     When day expands and night is in the lurch.  
 Now truth prescribes the rote for school and church,  
 And gains the mastery when it is sought,  
     Since truth is cure for superstition's smirch,  
 And verifies enlightenment of thought,  
 As gleaned from universal law that God has wrought.

## WINTER

The earth is carpeted with snow,  
     The canvas of the sky is blue,  
     The timid sun is peeping through  
 The trees that fringe the morning glow.

The air is crisp, the hills are white  
     And clouds are heaped like ocean foam  
     Across the pearl enameled dome  
 That shimmers with an opal light.

And this is winter back again,  
     Who stalks the land exhaling snow,  
     And chills the vagrant winds that blow  
 With frost to etch the window pane.

## FRIENDS

I would have friends, let others have the gold;  
How pleasant are the words that friends release;  
The metal is insentient and cold,  
And void of qualities that foster peace.  
To dote on hoarded gold would dull my eye  
To finer things, to grandeur of the sky,  
The rain, and to the rainbow's prisms glow,  
And amber sheen upon the river's flow.  
I would have gold, but not the coin of art,  
The gold of beauty that the poets know,  
The gold of friendship, mintage of the heart.

## THE STARS

The stars in beauty throng the field of night,  
Noiseless as the lily when it blows,  
Each morning bannered with the silver light  
And radiant with whiteness of a rose;  
While man in wonder lifts his eyes and knows  
Although his feet are fashioned of the sod,  
His inner heart has eye for seeing God.

## NIGHT

The day departs, and shrouded in her veil,  
The night brings out the stars, nor makes a sound;  
And slowly lifts the moon and spreads her sail  
Of silver flame across the sky and ground.  
And like a regal queen she rules the sky,  
And stills the cares of earth with peaceful sleep,  
Which is her symbol of the world on high  
Where silence is the rapture of the deep.

## NOT A SONNET

The Shakespearean sonnet still remains,  
"Strictly speaking, not a sonnet at all,  
But a poem composed of three quatrains  
And a couplet." The high honor must fall

To Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and  
Sir Philip Sidney, English sonneteers,  
For the form Shakespeare used, which they had planned,  
And introduced as worthy pioneers.

Surpassing strange that Shakespeare never wrote  
The true Italian sonnet, held the pride  
Of classic forms. Strange how he could devote  
His talent to so limited a stride.

He must have known the sonnet's subtle grace  
That gives to Petrarch his immortal place.

## SPRING

When spring adorns the universe with gold,  
And walls the sky against the frigid dark,  
And bids return of beauty as of old,  
With breath of rose and melody of lark;  
Then with enchantment I would pause and hark,  
For loveliness I fain would have and hold,  
When with my spirits high I would embark  
Upon a ship of dreams and be consoled.  
And now attuned with creatures everywhere,  
With teeming life released beneath the blue;  
Intrigued with perfume drifting on the air,  
And beauties that allure the mortal view;  
Lo! then in ecstasy my heart would share  
The Paradise of Spring brought forth anew!

## OCTOBER

October paints again the autumn scene;  
Her palette holds the summer's floral blaze;  
With gold and crimson splashes on the green  
She banners hill and dale a fiery maze,  
And spreads above the fields a purple haze,  
That dims the Sun as he descends from view,  
And softens his display of fading rays,  
Impearling lace that hangs across the blue.  
She whitens frost that glitters like the dew,  
Prepares for Winter's coming crystal show,  
When ice will glaze the earth where leafage grew  
With fingered winds that carry sleet and snow.  
She rumples clouds with fury of a breeze,  
And shakes the beauty from the flaming trees.

## A TREE

I saw a tree, an Ozark mountain king,  
With pennants flashing in the autumn sky,  
The signals for the migrant birds that fly  
The southward lanes on buoyant whirl of wing;  
A mighty elm that towered above a spring  
With gnarly roots unheaved where boulders lie,  
A cowl of gold that gleamed with sunset dye,  
And leafy arms aflame with shimmering.  
I made survey of his great amber breast,  
That rose in majesty above a hill;  
Beheld the splendor of his sky-flung crest  
That crowned the rugged trunk, while staid and still,  
The monarch hailed the clouds from his retreat,  
With crystal waters purling at his feet.

## THE SUN

He comes at dawn and sweeps the night away,  
     In golden sandals trips across the sod  
     And splashes amber on the leafy rod,  
 With rainbow lacquer paints the flowers of May;  
 He walks the sea, plucks jewels from the spray,  
     Ascends the templed sky where none has trod  
     Save he alone in company with God,  
 His lances flashing in the gates of day.

His heart is fire, I feel him in my blood,  
     I see him giving soul to plant and tree,  
     He fills the spring with gaiety and song;  
 His strength emerges like a mighty flood,  
     And in his arms he holds the world and me,  
     Together with the stars his shining throng.

## WELCOME SPRING

How welcome spring;  
 At dawn a redbird played his flute,  
     How welcome spring;  
     I saw the flutter of his wing,  
 The flaming of his crimson suit;  
 Then I stood motionless and mute;  
     How welcome spring.

My heart is light;  
 The blossom-tide will soon appear,  
     My heart is light;  
     The rainbow then will span the height;  
 It is theorning time of year,  
 With Beauty telling spring is here,  
     My heart is light.

## SPRING

The sky is pearl, the dawn is bright,  
 With Winter's arm bereft of might;  
     Above the birds are on the wing,  
     The trees are tuned with caroling;  
 On high the drifting clouds are white.

A wedge of mallards in the height  
 Presents the eye a joyous sight,  
     The clue of the return of spring;  
     The sky is pearl.

The season tempers day and night  
 With gleams of gold and silver light,  
     And Winter, now the conquered king  
     Has yielded throne and everything  
 To Beauty, the enchanted sprite;  
     The sky is pearl.

## IRIS

The iris blooms where only yesterday  
 Naught could be seen but cold and barren clay;  
     How strange that beauty, destined, can arise  
     From soil and make the earth a paradise,  
 Apprising all the world that it is May.

The seasons wing along the cosmic way  
 As planets make the orbits in their play,  
     And every hour is fraught with new surprise;  
     The iris blooms.

The air is redolent, a dulcet lay  
 Uplifts the heart and is a subtle stay,  
     And with a quickening my ears and eyes  
     Find rapture nigh forgot of earth and skies;  
 And, lost to speech, my leaping pulses say,  
     "The iris blooms."



# TRUTH

Beyond this strand there is a changless light;  
     It is not in the sky or on the land,  
 Nor does it come and go like day and night;  
     Its beauty eye of mortal never scanned.

It is not altered as the days are spanned,  
     Nor yields to "Time's all devastating flight;"  
 But verifies the statement now at hand,  
     Beyond this strand there is a changeless light.

It is above Time's scenes of wrong and right,  
     It never had beginning, nor was planned;  
 It is observed by intuition's sight,  
     It is not in the sky or on the land.

It is essential force that holds command  
     Above the boundless spaces, dim and bright;  
 By it the rains descend, the winds are fanned,  
     Nor does it come and go like day and night.

It is the law of elemental might,  
     It is, it was before the earth was manned;  
 It tints the rose and makes the lily white,  
     Its beauty eye of mortal never scanned.

Wrong is negation, when we understand;  
     Truth is unchanged when nations rage and fight,  
 And shall remain inviolate and grand,  
     And keep Eternity immune to blight  
         Beyond this strand.

## APRIL SNOW

The snow like silver ashes fills the air,  
The trees don lilies and the earth is white,  
And daffodils are covered from the sight  
While she who planted them is fraught with care.

Strange silence filters down the pewter stair,  
Nor song is heard, nor warblers seen in flight;  
The snow like silver ashes fills the air,  
The trees don lilies and the earth is white.

Now everything is ermine robed and fair,  
And in the silent coming of the night  
The windows of the sky are curtained tight,  
And velvet darkness settles everywhere;  
The snow like silver ashes fills the air,  
The trees don lilies and the earth is white.

## THE MOON

In the heavens at night  
On her pinions of silver,  
Is the moon in her flight  
In the heavens at night,  
And she carries her light  
With the grace of a culver,  
In the heavens at night  
On her pinions of silver.

## BLOSSOMS

The blossoms now begin to show  
    On every hill that comes to view;  
The earth is smiling all aglow.

In lilac, pink and indigo  
    We find the same alluring clue;  
The blossoms now begin to show.

And some are white as drifted snow  
    While others are cerise and blue;  
The earth is smiling all aglow.

As showers come and zephyrs blow  
    Each dawn is fresh with something new;  
The blossoms now begin to show.

The ice is gone, the streamlets flow,  
    And beauty gleams in every hue;  
The earth is smiling all aglow.

The songs return we used to know  
    Where violets and daises grew;  
The blossoms now begin to show.  
The earth is smiling all aglow.

## CARDINAL

The cardinal is caroling,  
And well I know  
That it is spring;  
It matters not  
How white the ground,  
My ear has caught the bugle sound;  
A sound that I have heard before,  
And O, I love it  
More and more;  
A welcome sound  
That charms the heart,  
Nor heaven knows a sweeter art.

## SILVER BALLOON

O the silver balloon  
    In the foam of the sky,  
I have looked at the moon.  
  
And in lake and lagoon,  
    I have seen her go by,  
O the silver balloon.  
  
She has silvered the dune  
    And has dazzled my eye;  
I have looked at the moon.  
  
Both at night and at noon  
    I have caught her on high,  
O the silver balloon.  
  
From December to June  
    She continues to fly;  
I have looked at the moon.  
  
What a joy, what a boon  
    To the lovers who spy;  
O the silver balloon  
I have looked at the moon.

## SUMMER RAIN

Summer rain curtains dawning  
With a sun-jeweled awning.  
  
Prismy gleams of the showers  
Tint the cheeks of the flowers;  
  
And a thrush gaily fluting  
From a tree is saluting.  
  
Summer weeps, now revealing  
Beauty's arc on the ceiling.

## BEYOND THE MIRAGE

Beyond the mirage of the cosmical veil  
    We vision the realm of Eternity's shore,  
Where Truth is the light nor a cloud can assail.

There man can arise from the calm and the gale  
    Of earth, on the wings of the soul and explore  
Beyond the mirage of the cosmical veil.

And there under God may be gladsome and hale,  
    And visit the kingdom where time is no more,  
Where Truth is the light nor a cloud can assail.

The joy is inspiring with never a wail,  
    But only the lift of a musical score  
Beyond the mirage of the cosmical veil.

There beauty excludes every woe nor can fail,  
    And war can not come with its shadow of gore,  
Where Truth is the light nor a cloud can assail.

There love is the wine that is drunk from the grail,  
    And sainted immortals together adore  
Beyond the mirage of the cosmical veil,  
Where Truth is the light nor a cloud can assail.

## MOTHER EARTH

How strange a thing it is to see  
    A columbine, a ferny spray,  
A violet beside a tree,  
    As vernal beauty dowers May  
    With silver night and golden day,  
With grass so short and elm so tall;  
    O such is life where mortals stay,  
With earth the mother of us all.

Then, too, we have the honey bee,  
    The butterfly, the lark and jay,  
The oriole and chickadee,  
    The eagle searching for his prey;  
    The donkey with his raucous bray,  
The frog with his nocturnal call,  
    The hound that holds the coon at bay,  
With earth the mother of us all.

Of men we have the bond and free  
    In all the colors of the clay,  
The midget, giant, by decree,  
    Those near at hand and far away;  
    The youthful with the old and gray,  
The very great, the very small,  
    As types forever on display,  
With earth the mother of us all.

O Prince, I can for this but say,  
    From dust we rise, to dust we fall;  
Such is the lot that we portray  
    With earth the mother of us all.

## POETRY

In poetry we have the flower of speech;  
    With perfect English it attains the height;  
Its realm is earth and air and starry beach;  
    It soars by flash of intuition's light,  
    And keeps aspiring men in joyous flight,  
The portal of eternity its goal,  
    Affording verity to awe the sight,  
In which is vintage to inspire the soul.

It seeks for beauty out of mortal reach,  
    And gleans the treasures of the day and night;  
Its messages appeal to all and each,  
    For they take man above the mortal plight  
    To where the gold of truth is ever bright,  
And love of God is ample to control  
    The reign of wrong, supplanting it with right,  
In which is vintage to inspire the soul.

Then poetry we highly praise and teach;  
    With finest metaphors do we recite  
Its transcendental merit and beseech  
    The nations of the earth to join and write,  
    And learn of friendship's worth as they indite  
Its holy platitudes, while ages roll,  
    Till golden skies succeed the ebon night,  
In which is vintage to inspire the soul.

So, brothers all, together let us fight  
    For poetry, and search creation's bowl,  
Till friendship rules the race with sacred might,  
In which is vintage to inspire the soul.

## THE EARTH

The earth is dense and wingless, yet she flies;  
    She wraps herself in clouds through night and day;  
She is the harried hermit of the skies,  
    Wind, lightning, thunder, holding her at bay;  
    She smiles in spring, so revelous and gay  
When April casts the rainbow with the rain;  
    She robes herself in blossoms of the May,  
And year by year rehearses it again.

The moon disturbs her and the oceans rise,  
    The tides roll in, leap heavenward and bray;  
The cyclone shocks her with a tense surprise,  
    Wind, lightning, thunder holding her at bay,  
    And raining frogs and fish where mortals stray  
On mountain, foothill and across the plain;  
    Yet through it all she never slacks her play,  
And year by year rehearses it again.

The sun pours out his fury till she fries  
    With summer's drouthy weather holding sway,  
Till every gurgling rill and brooklet dries,  
    Wind, lightning, thunder holding her at bay,  
    With tortured fields becoming barren clay,  
Or, better favored, yielding fruit and grain;  
    Just from the meed that is she takes her pay,  
And year by year rehearses it again.

## Envoy

Yet ever prompt, admitting no delay,  
Wind, lightning, thunder holding her at bay,  
    She clogs with winter, thaws with summer's rain,  
And year by year rehearses it again.



## PARADISE

When clouds are mountain high,  
And the moon is floating by,  
    Then transported to the skies,  
    I am lost in Paradise.

Nor the moon can I resist  
With her fan of colored mist;  
    In beholding her disguise  
    I am lost in Paradise.

Or if once I lose my way,  
When the sky is void of day,  
    With the polar star for eyes,  
    I am lost in Paradise.

Or when earth is dark with night,  
Brook and river silver-white,  
    As I search the jewelled skies,  
    I am lost in Paradise.

## THE SEASONS

Summer days warm the earth,  
Flowers bloom, buds unfold,  
Thrush and lark sing in mirth,  
Skies are blue tinged with gold.

Autumn days ripen grain,  
Mellow fruit, paint the trees;  
Bite with frost, pearl the rain,  
Scatter snow, chill the breeze.

Winter days whiten plain,  
Hill and dale, drape the pine,  
Boys and girls coast again,  
Wild with glee, fit and fine.

## PONDERING

As I was pondering  
On the return of spring,  
    I heard a bugle note;  
I looked and saw a king  
Of song with folded wing,  
    And music was afloat;  
The tree was shivering,  
The singer quivering  
    Beneath his crimson coat.

And I forgot the cold;  
The sun was bright and bold,  
    And flower blossoms woke;  
The phlox and marigold  
I saw again unfold,  
    And beauty rose and spoke.  
For magic new and old  
Was mine to have and hold  
    As tangible as smoke.

I saw the verdant hill,  
The dell and gurgling rill,  
    The foliage and sod;  
I saw the showers spill,  
The gullies drink and fill,  
    And mortals trudge and plod;  
And then it grew so still,  
That quickened by the thrill,  
    I heard the voice of God.

## THE STARS

The stars come out at night,  
So regal, coy and still,  
And, crowned with silver light,  
They throng the cavern hill.

So regal, coy and still,  
In order formed by law,  
They throng the cavern hill,  
And man looks up in awe.

In order formed by law,  
They span the dark abyss,  
And man looks up in awe,  
For God has fashioned this.

They span the dark abyss,  
Nor make the slightest sound,  
For God has fashioned this,  
As well the sea and ground.

Nor make the slightest sound,  
For law controls the height,  
As well the sea and ground,  
The tide of day and night.

For law controls the height  
By universal plan,  
The tide of day and night,  
The mind and heart of man.

Cast from the hand of God,  
And crowned with silver light,  
Like blossoms from the sod  
The stars come out at night.

## FIELD OF NIGHT

The stars like daises in the field of night  
Are nurtured by the glimmer of the moon,  
While earth is flooded by a silver tide,  
And every placid pool is filled with stars;  
The trees hold up their arms and cast a shade  
That mingles with the silver on the ground.

The sky is matched by the enchanted ground,  
And Beauty reigns, the princess of the night,  
Inweaving strands of silver with the shade,  
When earth becomes the patron of the moon,  
And every pool is blossoming with stars,  
And every river is a silver tide.

Such is the scene when magic is at tide,  
Uniting raptures of the sky and ground,  
A common heaven lighted with the stars;  
Above, beneath, the vast and jewelled night,  
The Paradise attended by the moon,  
The whiteness of the silver blent with shade.

And O how dismal the unbroken shade  
Would be, if moon and stars refused the tide;  
O, night could not be borne without the moon  
And stars to beautify the sky and ground;  
Let me retrieve the grandeur of the night  
With the enchantment of the moon and stars.

O, what is life without the moon and stars,  
And beauty that they spill to blend with shade;  
How dull would it become without the night;  
Monotonous would be day's golden tide;  
And O, how hot and dry would be the ground  
Without the silver of the stars and moon.

So night I never crave without the moon,  
Nor treasure it without the jewel-stars;  
But I could be content here on the ground,  
With silver of the night and ebon shade,  
For beauty floats upon their magic tide;  
O, how I love the stars and moon and night!

I love the moon that silvers ebon shade;  
I love the stars that quiver on the tide;  
I love the ground enraptured by the night.

## THE UNIVERSE

The universe is but a book;  
The wise rejoice to have a look.  
Its turning pages are the day and night,  
Its pictures are composed of shade and light;  
Though man is slow to learn,  
Its beauties ever burn  
To catch and fascinate the eye  
As he may scan the earth and sky,  
And search beneath the surface for the cause,  
Disclosed by nature's fundamental laws.

When dawn is bannered by the sun,  
With night departed, day begun,  
And clouds like battleships upheave and crash,  
Bombarding as the streaks of lightning flash,  
And rain begins to fall  
A glistening crystal wall,  
Then through a cleft the golden rays  
Escape and penetrate the maze,  
And form a spectral arc in polychrome,  
The seal of beauty flaming on the dome.

When spring returns with palette, paint and brush  
To tint the flowers,  
And set atune the cardinal and thrush  
To thrill the hours,  
It gladdens every mortal  
Within the earthly portal,  
Where loveliness forever we inherit,  
If we have ear and eye  
For things beneath, on high,  
And follow in the pathway of the spirit,  
The pathway that is perfect and benign,  
And flooded by the light which is divine.

## PSYCHOTHEISM

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*"God is pure spirit"*  
*Affirmation, Realization, Healing*

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"God is pure spirit," His truth, supernal balm,  
 The God within, of healing, peace and calm,  
 Pervading time, eternity, and all,  
 Creating worlds and creatures, great and small,  
 By process infinitely adequate,  
 Beginningless, and interminate;  
 He can in nowise work a miracle,  
 But rules by law, abstract, inviolable,  
 Therefore He is not moved by man's request  
 To stay the law, or set the facts at rest,  
 But giveth ear to questions, being sought,  
 And answers through the potent tongue of thought,  
 Advancing step by step the human race  
 That nobler works the cruder shall replace.  
 "God is pure spirit," His truth, supernal balm,  
 The God within, of healing, peace and calm,  
 Of brotherhood, the source and destiny,  
 Committing time unto eternity;  
 Nor wrath nor vengeance toward humanity  
 Could exercise His high divinity;  
 Nor can a soul abscond from His embrace  
 For He imbounds the universal space;  
 Nor can a single soul in Him decline,  
 Since He is God, and every soul divine.  
 Though human flesh may blindly go astray,  
 The soul from Him can never fall away,  
 For God, the source, could issue forth no loss,  
 His concepts can but be immune to dross.

"God is pure spirit," His truth, supernal balm,  
The God within, of healing, peace and calm,  
Who marshals forth create diversity  
From out the province of infinity;  
Fashions yonder labyrinthian dome  
As cradle and reverting catacomb;  
Gilds the sun to be the lamp of day,  
Lights the stars, adorns the milky-way;  
Hurls the planets circling into space,  
Ordains the earth as man's abiding place;  
Sprays the limpid waters from the clouds  
To wake the myriad seeds the earth enshrouds;  
Carpets earth with freshened vernal sod  
And plies his hand where poppies blow and nod;  
Strides amid the bowers where roses bloom,  
Coils the calla lily's snowy plume;  
Strews the violets beneath our feet  
And stirs the zephyrs, odorous and sweet;  
By prescience flavors apple, peach and pear  
And purples bush and vine with luscious fare;  
Molds the golden grain the harvests yield  
From chemic soil mixed in His fertile field;  
Flies with fowl, with fishes swims the deep,  
Provideth for the cattle and the sheep;  
Weaves for man the tissues of the flesh,  
Drives the blood through capillary mesh;  
Keys the brain, the organ of the mind,  
Kindles thought, enlightening the blind;  
Easeth pain, and healeth dire disease  
When man's alignment meeteth his decrees;  
Giveth peace unto the yearning soul  
When man is tuned with His divine control;  
He reigneth by eternal sovereignty  
Unswerving through infallibility;  
He is life, within, beneath, above,  
Potentate on high, archetype of love;  
Divine monitor, eternal light,  
Author and executor of right;  
He is the God in whom all souls have being,  
He is the God from whom all minds have seeing;  
He is supreme, His truth, supernal balm,  
The God within, of healing, peace and calm.

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# Golden Bridle Poetry

## Collaborators

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### BOOK OF POEMS

How like a book  
Of poems,  
Does a garden look,  
Where the hollyhock in bonnet  
Is the stately sonnet;  
Daffodils and jonquils,  
The rondeaus and rondels.  
A bed of blue eyed violets,  
The rondelets and triolets.  
Canterbury bells,  
The villanelles;  
Breeze kissed roses as they nod,  
The intricate ballade.  
Oriental poppies in bloom,  
The interlaced pantoum.  
Water lily, petaled bubble,  
Rondeau redouble.  
Dahlias jeweled with rain,  
Ballade a double refrain.  
Tulips drenched with gold of May,  
Kyrielle and virelay.  
Varicolored verbena,  
The iridescent sestina.  
Lupines plumed in wild abode,  
The Pindaric ode.  
Bouquets of beauty clustered,  
Mosaics and pennants lustered.  
Poetry is the bower  
Of English in flower.

## INDIAN SUMMER

The Indian reigns in hazy plight,  
The spicy breeze confers delight  
    As happy children skip and sing  
    And listen to the school bell ring,  
With Time observed in endless flight.

From lanes that thread the azure height  
The birds come down without affright  
    Content with nature's offering.  
    The Indian reigns.

The earth is gay, the sky is bright;  
The dye-pots his by primal right,  
    His brush has touched most every thing,  
    Splashed here and there, as poets sing  
Of his great work, wrought day and night.  
    The Indian reigns.

## OZARK RETREAT

Tall maples  
Dressed in red,  
Wave their arms  
To flaming zinnias  
Across the scarlet  
Salvia bed.  
Along the creek's edge,  
Crimson sumacs bow  
To the sycamores  
That look down  
In rippling waters,  
Where crawfish hide  
Beneath the pebbles;  
And there  
The sun-perch  
Dart in and out;  
All this is but  
Nature running riot.

—Nellie Amos

## FINGER LAKES IN AUTUMN

Surrounding beauty  
Means so much to me.  
Our log cabin  
Is on the East bank  
Of Lake Seneca,  
One of the largest  
Of the Finger Lakes.  
The sunsets are glorious!  
Today the water is rough;  
The sun playing  
On the rippling waves  
Causes them to sparkle  
Like diamonds.  
All Nature seems in tune.  
The woods at the rear  
Of the cabin  
Are aflame with gorgeous hues.  
The trees are donning  
Their autumnal garb.  
Soon, all too soon,  
They will be dressed  
In tailored suits of gray.

## AUTUMNAL ARTIST

The autumnal artist paints  
An oak in deepest red.  
Maples henna or golden.  
The sage in brightest crimson;  
While here and there  
A bush is yellow-tinted.  
Berries of bitter-sweet  
With orange glow.  
Even the fir  
Attains a varied  
Shade of green,  
So skillful is  
The artist.

—*Katherine S. Baker*

## SONG OF THE SEA

How plaintive are the voices of the sea!  
Like dreams of love, or friends of long ago  
The restless waves that wander to and fro  
Arise and cease to be.

How varied are the movements of the sea!  
Like moods of joy or sadness in the heart,  
Tides ebb and flow and silently depart  
To shores of memory.

How mighty is the music of the sea!  
Above the clamor of discordant Time  
Its harmony eternal and sublime  
Is God's great symphony.

## SUNSET

When I am gone, will those I love recall  
A voice now silent? Will the afterglow  
Of memory like golden twilight fall  
Upon the treasured hours of long ago?

Life is a changing scene; the tie that binds  
A tender leaf upon a summering tree,  
A blossom, scattered by autumnal winds,  
A wave, soon lost on the eternal sea.

Bright be the sunset, when the day is done!  
And may the wanderer, struggling on alone,  
Find home-lights burning as he comes to One  
Who evermore is mindful of his own.

## SOLITUDE

Softly awakes in heaven's blue dreamland now  
The evening star.  
And stillness hovers over bush and bough,  
Near and far.  
The golden moon ascends beyond a knoll  
So tenderly—  
Oh, for the presence of some kindred soul  
To dream with me.

—*Andreas Bard*

## MOTHER

Your valiant spirit lifts on dauntless wings,  
And from the meadows of the skies  
You pluck the stars to light  
My way. Your hand  
In mine  
You twine,  
And bid me stand  
Upon the cloudless height  
To picture with enraptured eyes  
Beyond the Winters' snows returning Springs  
When in green-misted lanes the bluebird sings.  
Sweet and mingled odors rise  
Where you traverse a bright  
Enchanted land.  
With fine  
Heart's wine  
Your songs expand  
And bear me high, to sight  
The open gates of Paradise.  
Your valiant spirit lifts on dauntless wings!

## EARTH'S SERENADE

Countless the songs of the earth as it swings,  
Infinite chords as the universe sings!  
Whisper of grasses astir when the day  
Brushes the sky with a crimsoning ray.  
Cadence of zephyrs when shadows are deep,  
Wafting the world to the portals of sleep;  
Paeans of gladness from wakening lands;  
Rushing of waters on tremulous sands;  
Murmur of meadows that bask in the sun;  
Shrill of cicadas ere summer is done;  
Rhythm of tides as they ceaselessly flow;  
Scudding of clouds over blankets of snow.  
Minstrels of nature are plying their art!  
Earth serenades at the gates of the heart!

—*Elizabeth E. Barnes*

## AURORA

O goddess of morning, you rise from the hill  
And banish the shadows  
That darken the sky;  
The whispering leaves  
Of the forest are still,  
Awaiting the breath of your wakening sigh  
Your mantle is mingled with multiple rays  
That crimson the luminous  
Folds of the dawn,  
Dispelling the lingering  
Phantoms of haze,  
And draping the heavens with gossamer lawn.  
The sun is your regent, the ruler of day,  
Your kingdom is governed  
With sceptors of flame;  
You pilot the rainbow  
Through billows of spray  
And celebrate beauty with regal acclaim.

## HILLS AT EVENTIDE

A strange enchantment  
Clothes the hills at eventide  
When shades of darkness slowly fall  
Across the rugged canyon wall.

Their silent beauty  
Fills my soul with reverence,  
Their wordless grandeur ever speaks  
The majesty of muted peaks.

With shrouded fingers  
Night has touched the yucca bloom,  
And left a trail of smoky haze  
Along the winding trafficways.

A bold invader  
Rolls in from the distant bay,  
And starry lights are twinkling on  
The city's veiling of chiffon.

—*Emma Louise Baugh*

## I WILL WRITE

I will write of the sun,  
A ball of gold,  
Of its warmth as the days  
Of spring unfold.

I will write of the moon,  
So clear and bright,  
As it sails with the stars  
Across the night.

I will write of the trees  
So straight and tall,  
As they sing in the wind  
A song for all.

I will write of the flowers  
Dressed so gay,  
Of the rain and the arc  
In grand display.

I will write of the God  
Of earth and sky,  
And the beauties that bear  
My soul on high.

## DEW DROPS

Sparkling little dew drops  
Smiling in the sun,  
Rainbow colors dancing  
Over every one.

Spider-web so dainty  
Set with pearls of dew,  
As the sun is trailing  
Gold across the blue.

## BEAUTY'S SHRINE

The morning  
Full of hope and joy,  
Our minds and hands  
We should employ.

The earth,  
A haven so divine  
With beauty,  
Is a sacred shrine.

—Mrs. Alice Brown

## AMERICAN INDIAN

His footprints lost in dust of ages past,  
The racial spirit still is on the throne.  
But now, he finds himself almost alone,  
A symbol in the bronze of history, cast  
In crucibles of time, yet holding fast  
Traditions that are dearest to his own.  
He did no wrong: not he who must atone,  
But they did wrong who hurled the leaden blast.

His native hunting grounds are upturned fields,  
His woodland haunts are homes for other folk,  
No more his feathered arrow's piercing dart  
Will find its prey. All this he sadly yields  
When from the council fire the pungent smoke  
Becomes a spear that daggers through his heart.

—*Ernest Noble Brown*

## THE MASTERPIECE

The world is like a symphony of souls!  
And each soul takes the place allotted him  
Near the Master or in the outer rim.  
His place is given, he chooses not his goals,  
But as he plays, his part to him unrolls.  
He may interpret thunder loud and grim,  
Or give a vision of the Cherubim  
In ecstasy as all the world extols.

And though one life sounds a triumphant note,  
While blighting discords many others play  
With vast unhappiness and misery,  
All parts are needed to the One who wrote  
This Masterpiece before our little day,  
Though indistinct to us its harmony.

—*Viola Wilson Brown*



## LINCOLN

Beside the Sangamon arose  
A giant, strange, uncouth;  
His head among the stars of hope,  
His feet on rocks of truth.

The travails of his country's past  
Were shadowed in his face,  
And on his shoulders, bent from toil,  
The burdens of a race.

The Nation rocked upon its walls;  
All heard his warning voice:  
"The house divided cannot stand;  
"Hold fast. You have no choice!"

Through storms of hate, through blood and death  
He led the fearful strife.  
O brothers mine, he saved *the house*;  
Then pledged it with his life.

*(Awarded the New York World's Fair medal, June, 1939, by the  
National Poetry Center, New York.)*

## CHINA BLUE

"Create me a color," the Emperor said,  
"Compound it from pigment free of stain  
"And deeply blue, like a summer sky  
"As it breaks through cloud-banks after rain."

Then artists assembled with brushes and paints;  
They gazed and painted, as ordered to do,  
Till they captured the tone of a storm washed sky;  
And we marvel and call it "*China Blue*."

"May I live my life," a young heart cried,  
"As pure as the sky of stainless hue  
"When washed by rain of a summer shower,  
"That men shall honor and call me true."

He struggled along in clouds and rain,  
And he caught the beauty of China Blue;  
Then out of his soul it smiled on men,  
Like a summer sky when storms are through.

—Marvin F. Butler

## DAWN

When the morning was coming away from the night,  
And the trees were encased in a volume of light  
That was soft as a silky cocoon,  
Then I stood on a hill with the valley below  
Where the mists of the night were reluctant to go,  
And my soul was elate and in tune.

## SPRING BEAUTY

The lily's snowy beauty stirs my heart,  
Its banner raised to greet the Spring.  
The bees, emerging, meet  
A freshened lea;  
The lake  
Will take  
The graying sea  
Of sky where clouds retreat,  
And with the breathing zephyrs swing,  
When, soft as falling tears, the raindrops start.  
Where pussy willows break their bonds apart,  
And leafing vines in beauty cling,  
The violet, and sweet  
Anemone  
Awake  
And make  
Ahead of me  
A path for pilgrim feet,  
That I may seek a song and sing—  
The lily's snowy beauty stirs my heart.

—Ada Newton Campbell

## SPRING IN MISSOURI

When Springtime clothes anew Missouri hills,  
The loveliness is like a bride's  
Trousseau of silk and lace;  
I see her veil  
Gem kissed,  
With mist  
Along the trail  
That winds with virgin grace.  
Out where each modest flower hides,  
Out past the dancing brook of rainbow rills  
That sings again the songs the Frost King stills,  
Until the rain-clad bridegroom rides  
His steed with frenzied pace  
In jeweled mail;  
His wrist  
And fist  
The sabered gale  
That speeds the bridal race;  
New robes of beauty God provides,  
When Springtime clothes anew, Missouri hills.

## PAGEANTRY

The world is old, her ancient glory dead.  
A tattered pageant passes in review,  
Colors the pages that record the new;  
A proud king wears the crown upon his head,  
And crimson velvet robes his form, instead  
Of faded glory of the cherished few  
That lived above the rabble's cry and hue;  
Our destiny lies in today; we wed  
Its cares, and pledge our everlasting trust  
In worthwhile things that lasted through the past,  
Patience, love and beauty, our stars of light,  
No crumbling dust, no vile decay or rust  
Shall dim their shining glory; they shall last;  
The pageantry moves on; the years take flight.

—Margery Carr

## SEPTEMBER

September, a lover unmindful of care,  
Is courted by Summer, a rose in her hair,  
A maiden whose fame  
As a beauty is known  
From seas of the north  
To the southernmost zone;  
But Autumn in jealousy  
Seeks to beguile  
September with wine and a vagabond's smile.  
Forgetful of Summer and all of her grace,  
September is charmed  
By a mischievous face.  
So Summer departs  
With a silent farewell  
As winds are lamenting  
The sound of her knell;  
And Autumn in joy of a victory won  
Is flaunting her vestures anew in the sun.

## UPON A HILL

I stand upon a hill and watch the play  
Of twinkling city lights. The red and white,  
Then blue against the fast approaching night.  
Illumined clouds, a remnant arc of day,  
Are rose and purple from the final ray  
Of sun's reflected glow; and from her height  
The moon extends a path of silver light  
As she begins to wend her mystic way.

This twilight hour of poignant beauty holds  
The joy of day and calm of night combined  
In one, a world enthralled in mystery,  
As evening's shadows blend and night enfolds  
The day. In stillness here, my soul shall find  
A sense of peace in night's serenity.

—Marian E. Comstock

## MEMORY

O Memory, true to your trust you have stored  
    From sunshine and shadow and nighttimes of peace,  
Of radiant beauty, a bounteous hoard.  
    You captured a cloud with a silvery fleece,  
A lingering sunbeam that played on a wall,  
    And deep in a forest with whispering sounds  
You measured a pine that was stately and tall.  
    You strolled through a pasture where clover abounds.  
You listened to wind as it rustled the leaves  
    And followed a wandering path up a hill.  
You gathered the snowflakes that fell on my sleeves  
    One night when the earth was so beautifully still.  
O Memory! Deep in your treasury lie  
The beauties of ocean, of earth, and of sky.

## REFLECTION

Oh, crystal pool, in limpid depths you show  
    A beauty that is now so calm and still,  
    But at the dawn the golden sunlight will  
Transform your lucid face with rosy glow.  
You tell the seasons as they come and go;  
    The summer green and autumn gold will fill  
    Your lovely face, each one in turn, until  
You gather up the falling flakes of snow.

Oh, crystal pool, you are so much like Life.  
    If I look down at you with cheerless gaze  
Or hate, your depths reflect the frown of strife,  
    But if I smile at you, on your face plays,  
In glad and just return, a smile for me.  
Like Life, you ever mirror what you see.

—*Jane Dale*

## DUNES

For many miles the brown dunes run away,  
Like paper children clinging hand in hand;  
The light breeze lifting skirts of amber sand  
That restless feet may dabble in the bay.  
They are not young but actors in a play . . .  
A string of puppets dancing to command;  
Forever changing face, now grave, now bland,  
Forever saying lines, now sad, now gay.

One summer night within a breathless hush,  
I watched the stage of shifting scenery;  
The western sky was hung with ruby plush  
That fell in gorgeous lengths upon the sea.  
And then— I saw the moving hand of God—  
The dunes grew still while little winds were shod.

## POETIC WORDS

Poetic words are free from care,  
And artfully as unaware  
As swallows in a graceful flight  
Against the blue of coming night  
That trembles in the upper air.

I would not set a sturdy snare  
For loveliness that must declare  
Its varied hues in erudite  
Poetic words,

But like the swallows, I shall dare  
To skim the starry pathways, where  
Bright beauty calls me to ignite  
My fagot at her pristine light,  
That I may find and haply share  
Poetic words.

—*Florence Holt Davison*

## SONG OF THE SHOOTING STAR

Swift are my wings through the black of the sky,  
Passing the moon  
As she floats there on high,  
Mocking her languor and flashing on by.  
Over the ocean whose waves are afire,  
Breakers of silver  
In regal attire  
Adding their song to the heavenly choir.  
Down through the shadows of forests to meet  
Mountains or valleys  
Awaiting my feet,  
Stirring the winds in my rushing retreat.  
Spawn of the planets, I streak through the night,  
Swift as a javelin  
To vanish from sight,  
Trailing a glittering streamer of light.

## THE POET'S PEN

No human pen is his,  
But with diamond point  
Dipped in the blood of beauty  
He traces lines of light  
Across the scroll of life.

## MANDARIN OF THE SKY

In the velvet pagoda  
Sprayed with a thousand stars,  
The harvest moon  
Broods like a yellow mandarin  
Over streams of dancing quicksilver  
That splash on shadowed rocks.

## WINTER MUSIC

Then the willow trees  
Like silver ribbons of ice  
Play their tinkling tunes.

—*Marjorie Denham*

## SONG OF A BLIND GIRL

Do not pity me in my darkness,  
My day will never seem long,  
Though I shall not see the sunset,  
My words make a lovely song.  
I heard the meadow lark carol,  
Though my sight held no tilted wing,  
To you he was only a brown bird,  
You did not wait to hear him sing.

## CAPTIVE

A bird that was tiny and golden  
Sang in his cage all day,  
His song was bright as the morning,  
Then spring came by one day,  
A soft breeze stole through the window  
And ruffled his satiny throat,  
He beat the bars of his prison  
And sang a strange wild note.

## SONG OF PAN

I heard a song at dawning,  
A song more clear and sweet  
Than ever a bird has uttered,  
And in my dim retreat  
I held my breath in silence  
As flute-notes rose and fell;  
Was it the God, Pan, piping  
Within some shady dell?  
*—Nina Diehl*



## SONNET

A sonnet is a lyric melody,  
    A whisper that enchants the poet's soul,  
    A muted echo of the ocean's roll,  
With ebbing waters flowing to the sea.  
A sacred message from eternity,  
    A voice in unison with truth, the whole,  
    A breath of thought within divine control,  
A web of words expressing verity.

A sonnet is a flash of beauty caught,  
    A sense of truth with its prismatic light,  
    Revealing sanctuary from above,  
The common heritage of peaceful thought,  
    Involving every principle of right,  
    The fuel for the altar fires of love.

## AUTUMN MAGIC

September paints an Autumn scene  
When red and gold supplant the green.  
The sky is like a copper bowl  
Through which the clouds of silver stroll.  
And bannered earth is set afloat  
On beauty's tide, a magic boat.  
A silver cord of stars is strung  
Like lanterns when the night is young.

## POSSESSION

The treasure of the mind is reason;  
The perfume of the heart is love;  
The voice of fulfillment is life.  
When cause, substance and law unite,  
There is completeness expressed—  
The Sabbath Day of experience.

—*Lillian Turner Findlay*

## GOD LOVES US ALL

God loves us all. Indeed we should  
Do anything on earth we could,  
    To banish slaughter, lessen pain,  
    And never shed man's blood again,  
For He who gave us life and food  
Intended world wide brotherhood.

Before time was, He understood  
The need of love to make man good;  
    If love would wax then war would wane  
    God loves us all.

If every subject of His would  
Accept the challenge He bestowed,  
    "Love each and all," we might attain  
    A state where peace on earth would reign.  
    God loves us all.

## GOOD MORNING

The sun yawns above the horizon,  
Reaching forth his warm old hands  
As he smiles, "Good morning,"  
Greeting the world with another day.

## THE ROAD HOME

There are  
Many highways  
Of beauty and allure,  
But none can compare to the road  
Toward home.

## STAR CHILD

Once I saw a star  
Skipping through the Milky Way  
Like a playful child.

—*Viola Gardner*

## JEWELS

(To J. M. S.)

What joy to meet with him who loves a tree,  
That flings its leafy banners to the sky;  
Who sees in nature all the things I see,  
And sings its praises to the stars on high;  
Who loves to ramble down a winding lane,  
Commune with forest, bird and mountain stream,  
Watch raindrops trickle down a window pane;  
At length, to mould them in a glorious theme;  
Then from the jewels of his lovely thought,  
Each polished gem emerges into light,  
That sparkles in the verses he has wrought,  
Elucidating them— to our delight;  
This treasure chest of jewels, rich and rare,  
He brought to us tonight, that we might share.

—*Marie Emery George*

## FROM THE PULLMAN WINDOW

A glistening hoar frost covered all the land;  
The sun, new-risen, for a moment paused,  
Between the earth and over-hanging clouds,  
And laid a golden path across the plain.

—*Francis Crary George*

## WHO HAS KNOWN

Who has known happiness more rare,  
Than spring wind blowing through his hair;  
Or felt a human touch more sweet  
Than green grass to his truant feet?  
What is more gracious to the eye  
Than red-bird's flight across blue sky?  
Who can walk the Mother-sod  
And not find there his Father, God.

—*Barbara Crary George*

## UNDER POLYNESIAN SKIES

Samoans, under native skies— they knew  
The clasp of circling hills.  
The glory of a land  
Where moonlit bowers  
Delight  
The night  
With carefree hours,  
Unchained by Beauty's hand.  
The magic by which darkness spills  
A balm upon the four winds fresh with dew,  
Caught from the South seas seven bowls of blue.  
What threads the twig with gems and fills  
The lily's cup. Whose hand  
Paints all the flowers.  
Whose sight  
And might  
And beauty towers—  
Who whispers on the sand . . .  
A wedding ring of mountains thrills  
Samoans under native skies they knew!

## OUTDOOR WORSHIP

God carved a mighty roof above our way—  
A wall-less temple for all time,  
And sent the birds to sing by day,  
By night He set a million throats to rhyme.  
He curved the sky and made it sacred blue,  
And made of Earth an altar shrine;  
By night star-candles burn for you,  
By day He bids one altar light to shine.  
Here benedictions grow like sacred myrrh,  
And as I pause while breezes pass,  
The droning honey bees bestir  
The scent of blossoms in the orchard grass.

—*Eris Goff*

## MY HERO

He built upon a rock instead of sand,  
A structure to endure the storm and tide;  
Through all of his tomorrows to abide,  
Though not alone, for in the scheme he planned  
To leave some open doors at Love's command,  
To welcome angels who were come to guide  
The path, and with the lamp of Truth provide  
The way to see, and hear, and understand.

He listens for the still, small voice within;  
His Ship of Hope is anchored in the bay,  
Pacific waters fill the space between.  
Some time at eve his journey will begin;  
Is ready for the voyage any day;  
His conscience and his heart and hands are clean.

## AT DAY-BREAK

I wake to find the city sleeping, still,  
And feel that I am in the world alone.  
A twinkling star above the wooded hill  
Makes me remember God is on His throne.  
The earth has kept its silence through the night,  
But now there is a promise of the dawn  
In that faint tinge of red and yellow light,  
Which deepens till the shades of night are gone.  
Much like a cameo, the paling moon  
Against the western sky still shows above  
The blue horizon. Morning breaks, and soon  
The eastern sky will show the smile of love.  
The King of Glory smiles upon the morn;  
Another hope— another day is born.

—*Hope Hargrave*

## VIOLIN

*(This is dedicated to my husband, Dale Hartman)*

You hold the spring's quickened spirit,  
The radiant joy of summer's  
Vast fulfillment;  
The gentle, gold-toned murmur  
Of an autumn day;  
The sure serenity of winter's  
White-flung mystery.  
You capture the rhythm,  
The great, deep longing, of distant seas;  
The voice of yearning,  
Sounding from far, misty plains;  
Triumphant songs of forests;  
The calm of star-studded desert skies.  
You imprison the drifting lyrics  
Of singing streams.  
The will of unconquered winds;  
The ballads of birds' high, sweet songs;  
The loveliness of children's  
Happy laughter;  
You tell of life . . . heart-hunger . . .  
Hopes . . . unuttered love . . .  
Humanity's frail flickering dreams . . .  
And— on the altar of four strings  
You place the voice of centuries,  
Oh violin!

## I SEARCHED FOR GOD

I looked for God beyond the sea,  
    But found Him close in a hill-grown tree.  
  
I once thought God afar— remote,  
    But heard his voice in a bluebird's throat.  
  
I searched for God from dawn till day's end,  
    But found Him in the heart of a friend.

—*Violet Thomas Hartman*

## MY VALLEY HOME

Three stately hills surround my valley home  
Whose rugged arms embrace the aged logs  
Made green and spongy by a thousand fogs.  
A brook leaps from a knoll's green-crested dome  
And jumps and twists through leafy mold and loam;  
When flushed it routs the funny polywogs  
That harbor in the puddles of the bogs,  
Then dashes off through whirlpools of cool foam.

And, as I sing a simple mountain lay,  
Contentment dwells within my heart. At night  
The sleepless brook will croon its song to me  
And I shall know it will stand guard till day  
Puts on her crisp new dress of golden light,  
And spreads her fan of gleaming pageantry.

## FROST PIXIE

A pixie scattered frost-dust on each bloom,  
She wove a sparkling cover on her loom;  
All night she flitted here and there in haste,  
Not one small downy crystal went to waste;  
She danced from plant to plant in sheer delight  
And covered every leaf with starry white;  
When morning came and spread its mellow gleam,  
Frost Pixie quickly vanished like a dream.

—*Emily K. Hax*

## SPRING DAWN

I roamed among the verdant hills of spring  
And saw a flame of blue take life and sing  
I saw the sun in robes  
Of gold and red,  
And greeted him  
As on his way he sped.  
And roundelays were floating on the breeze  
From feathered throats that bugled in the trees.  
Sweet plum had spread  
Her perfume on the air  
When dawn had raised  
Aloft a golden stair.  
I strolled across the hills through Nature's bowers,  
And found the realm where inspiration flowers.

## HARBINGER

This morning I woke as a redbird was singing,  
And glistening whiteness was thick on the ground;  
The joy of it thrilled me to rapturous winging,  
And life seemed to wake with a leap and a bound.

The sun was so brilliant that care was in hiding,  
And crystals were glistening under the sun;  
In beautiful rhythm the wind was presiding  
Proclaiming aloud that the spring had begun.

How strange that a bird in the maple was singing,  
The world with the spirit of love to endow,  
His paeon of morning so valiantly ringing,  
While Winter to Spring made a revelous bow.

—Lucy W. House



## MYSTERIOUS NIGHT

The glamorous moon is ungloved like a thumb  
Protruding half darkened a little off plum,  
But holding the palette  
Of dusk in the sky,  
Where evening is mixing  
A luminous dye,  
To blaze in the purple and soften the gray  
Of shadowy screens from the haze of the day.  
The brush is of lightning,  
The thunder applause  
From forces unseen,  
And they sponsor the cause.  
She fashions her smock from the gossamer dusk  
That scatters the fragrance of heavenly musk.  
With veiling of darkness  
She covers the scars,  
On canvas of ether  
As lighted by Mars.  
She spangles the dipper with silvery light,  
The painter of beauty, mysterious Night.

## TO A ROSE

Beautiful rose  
With your perfume and lace  
Spreading your loveliness  
Over the place,

Opening lips  
Like a chalice at dawn  
Pouring out love  
When the shadows are gone.

Swaying with winds  
That are marching along,  
Fevered with voice  
Like the lilt of a song.

—Ann T. Hughes

## GRAND CANYON

When morning comes on wings of golden light  
Reflecting colors over crumbling shale  
In varied hues, some vivid, others pale,  
The shrine of ages flames, as Time in flight  
Portrays to man an awe inspiring sight.  
The Colorado winding through the dale  
Looks skyward through her rainbow misty veil  
Revealing God in His majestic might.

This mass of beauty, painted by God's hand  
Is but Time's record on a granite page,  
When scenes evolve and change by cosmic birth  
Beneath the azure dome that roofs the land;  
Thus is this mighty shrine defying age,  
The signature of God upon the earth.

## SPRING

Spring unfolds  
Her carpet  
Of green velvet  
Patterned  
With gay flowers.  
Rain spills  
From the sky  
And dances  
With nimble feet  
Upon her plush covered mall;  
Song-birds  
Give her gladness;  
Day sprinkles sun-beams  
Over her leafy head  
And night  
Pours star-dust  
Into her earthly bed.

—Maude Lee Immele

## GOD'S DWELLING PLACE

God's dwelling place is not alone in churches,  
I have heard Him in the whispering of trees,  
I have felt Him in the soft caress of raindrops  
And sensed Him in the sighing of the breeze.

Omnipotence is not confined to limits  
Bounded by walls nor seated on a throne;  
His glory shines in every ray of sunshine  
And in the storm He makes His power known.

All nature vies to prove to us His realness  
Yet, there are those who have no eyes to see;  
And many walk in darkness, never learning  
That where man lives in love, there God will be.

## THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death;  
As long as buds awake in spring,  
There is no death.  
I stand in awe with bated breath  
Before the rebirth May will bring;  
As long as birds return to sing,  
There is no death.

Love cannot die;  
Though strife and hatred fill the land,  
Love cannot die.  
While now we hear man's battle cry,  
Yet, fashioned by an Unseen Hand,  
These words are written on Life's sand;  
Love cannot die.

There is no death;  
Lift up your heads, no longer cower;  
There is no death.  
Borne on the zephyr's perfumed breath,  
Seen in the face of every flower,  
Assurance grows each passing hour;  
There is no death.

—*Gladys Lawler*

## SEA GULLS

The waters were roaring and splashing,  
With billows approaching  
The sky,  
The foam  
Of the ocean was bubbling,  
While sea gulls were winging on high;  
And over the rough of the water  
They circled and dipped  
To and fro,  
And out  
In the distance they wafted  
Like butterflies feathered with snow.

## ROSES

The roses now that bloom and sway,  
Are very dear  
To me;  
As lovely  
As can be;  
They nod when merry breezes play,  
And blush and smile the livelong day,  
And when  
The oriole,  
Is piping  
Heart and soul,  
The roses dance the roundelay.

## AUTUMN MORNING

Pink clouds  
In the blue sky,  
Beauty  
Painted by God.  
Brown leaves  
On the ground  
Where worshipers plod.

—*Mary Elizabeth Magnenat*

## MY LOCKET

When looking through a box of little things  
I came upon some treasures that were old,  
A golden oval carried me on wings  
From past to present, waking dreams untold;  
A tarnished locket hung upon a chain,  
My father's gift of many years ago,  
A symbol that recalled a love's refrain  
And I am living in its afterglow.  
A girl's bright face, within a golden frame,  
And facing it, a boy who wears a smile,  
That old refrain has kept our hearts the same,  
And we are blessed with gladness all the while,  
My treasured locket is a thing divine,  
For he is framed in circled love of mine.

## SNOW FLOWERS

The frost King  
Hovers,  
And with snow  
Flowers,  
The flakes fling  
Covers,  
While winds blow  
Showers  
Of white,  
From heaven's  
Towers.

—*Ethel Mahar*

## APARTMENT HOME

My home is sweet. When weary from the day  
I come to it for rest and peace, or play.

    In simple beauty there, repose is found;

    A healing balm (when world's harsh wounds abound)  
Which calls forth joy and gives content full sway.

The potted plants, the books, and copper tray,  
These things allure me, and my heart is gay:

    And other bits of art, with some renowned;

        My home is sweet.

The size is small; "Four walls, a home?" you say?  
"Four walls" and "all alone" are false dismay.

    Reclining there, I see for miles around

    And hear my British neighbor's voice resound.

A million friends all comfort in some way.

        My home is sweet.

## CALLERS

A tiny yellow leaf  
Blew in my car,  
Rested on my arm awhile  
And flitted on afar.

A gay young niece  
In transit, came  
To eat and sleep  
And plead her claim.

Whether leaf or niece  
The joy of it all  
Is to know that  
Love and Beauty  
Paid a call.

—Margaret E. McCaul

## BEAUTIFUL SANGRE DE CHRISTO

Rosy tints at dawn,  
Crimson lights at sunset,  
Ghostlike shrouds at night,  
Masterpiece of Nature.

The sun in its splendor at dawning creeps high,  
Snow covered cliffs hold their arms to the sky,  
Reaching for eagles that loftily fly  
Over the Sangre De Christo.

Rugged peaks above the pines  
Robed eternally in snow,  
Mingle with the drifting clouds,  
Masterpiece of Nature.

Enraptured I stand in the valley and gaze  
As peaks rise majestically through purple haze,  
Leaving a memory to last all my days,  
Of beautiful Sangre De Christo.

Nightly shadows fall,  
Sheep herders' lights appear  
Like distant tremulous stars,  
Masterpiece of Nature.

When the sun sinks low in the west,  
Vivid rays reach over the crest,  
Leaving peace and quiet and rest,  
Over beautiful Sangre De Christo.

Rosy tints at dawn,  
Crimson lights at sunset,  
Ghostlike shrouds at night,  
Masterpiece of Nature.

## A TRANSFORMATION

Red roof,  
And green shutters,  
With geraniums blooming,  
Turned a little white house into  
A home.

—Nelle McGinnis

## WILLOW GROVE

Gray dawn of day! Caroling like a lark  
Corot surprises Morning, and he sees  
Her gowned in tinted skies of blue with dark  
And pearly greys, and through the willow trees,  
The tender twilight softly filtering;  
Brief moment of such loveliness at morn  
Translated into form and tone of spring—  
And "Willow Grove," a masterpiece, is born.  
Quiet in the gallery it hangs, yet one  
Is drawn by delicate simplicity  
To the still coolness of a day begun  
With throbbing life and rare felicity.  
Thus will it ever be with a Corot  
Though all around it vivid colors glow.

("Willow Grove," by Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, 1796 —  
1875, hangs in the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of  
Art, Kansas City.)

## LOVE IS CALLING

Silently over the hills  
Twilight's soft mantle is falling;  
Love, like the song of a bird,  
Is calling . . . calling . . . calling . . .

Quietly now comes the night,  
Hope and tranquility bringing;  
My heart, rising up as a bird,  
Is singing . . . singing . . . singing . . .

## STARS \*

The eyes  
Of young lovers  
Illumine their faces as stars  
Light the heavens  
Of night.

\*—Pentain, an original form.

—*Florence McKean*



## PLUM TREE

The plum tree leaned over the arbor  
And shook out her ruching of white,  
She sighed and her breath was sweeter  
Than jasmine blooming at night.

Her perfumed and delicate beauty  
Was etched in the sunset's glow,  
And it gleamed in the silver moonlight  
As fair as a carved cameo.

The lace of her filmy garments  
Was rarer than old brocade,  
And patterned into my living  
Is the grace of the picture she made.

## SILVER NIGHT

The moon lies silvered in a pool  
Where silver waters sleep;  
A silver willow's long arms droop  
As silver grasses kneel.  
A night bird sings a silver note  
And cool, sweet dewdrops gleam  
Like silver stars from heaven's dome,  
Night stays on silver feet.

## NORTHWARD FLIGHT

Migrant birds are winging over land and sea,  
Muted voices ringing distant, wild and free.

Eager wings are beating through the sea of air,  
Valiant calls repeating in the silver glare.

Geese and mallards flying in a trackless waste,  
Out of night their crying bids the summer haste.

—*Alice Snively Miller*

## A MOUNTAIN SNOW STORM

The day seems haunted by the breath of Spring,  
And gray November folds her somber wing.  
The clouds that float above  
So light and free,  
Are flecks of foam  
Upon a turquoise sea,  
When suddenly with cries that rend the air,  
The North-wind rushes from his wintry lair.  
His icy fingers  
Chill the sunny blue  
And veil the range  
With mists of leaden hue.  
With lusty breath he rends the clouds in twain  
And spills their silver chaff on hill and plain.  
In swirling, blinding eddies  
Through the night,  
He blows the shining flakes  
In drifts of white,  
And beauty searching fingers of the Sun  
Reveal at morn that winter has begun.

## MOON VALLEY

A giant moonstone set in ebony,  
The valley gleams  
In the clasp of the mountains.  
Moon lances pierce the fir trees  
And fall like silver ingots on the valley floor.  
A waterfall drips quicksilver  
Where willows trail silver laces  
In the shadow-haunted lake.  
The village steeple becomes a shaft of pearl,  
The townspeople, gilded marionettes  
Moving to and fro.  
Shimmering horseless chariots flash by  
On moon-paved highways.

—Grace L. Morgan

## A DAY SHALL COME

From bitter storm and shadow  
From war's hate-nourished spawn,  
With raiment white and glistening  
Tomorrow's world shall dawn.

Supernal song shall murmur  
Along the ways of men,  
Untrammelled by the voice of sage  
Nor framed by puny pen.

The humblest soul shall charter  
The common use of wings,  
Unfettered Truth with shining brow  
Strike off the curse of things.

And men shall seek invention  
Beyond the utmost dream  
Of this hour's yearning hope to sound  
The elements that seem.

But in that bright tomorrow  
Almighty Law shall bend  
The journey back from proud design  
To living's upright end,

And proof be great that conquest  
Is not by human will,  
But in subduing carnal self,  
A triumph high and still.

Democracy unshackled,  
Shall bid confusion cease—  
Shall flourish in the hearts that know  
A brotherhood of peace.

Tomorrow's world shall gather  
Its legions everywhere,  
And teach them ancient happiness,  
The loving Father's care.

—*Maude De Verse Newton*

## THANKSGIVING DAY

The glory of the autumn time is past;  
Its dear enchantment, though, will ever last.  
The magic of its dawn— a thing apart—  
Like sunset's evening glow still fills the heart:  
The wilderness and solitary place,  
Lone field and blooming stretch of distant space,  
Like embers in a crucible of gold,  
Loom strangely bright as mystic fires unfold.  
Then in a majesty of sudden hush,  
At dusk, the Master Painter lifts His brush,  
And glory floods the land with wondrous light,  
That flames aloft and leaves the world more bright;  
And in that hush, glad songs of gratitude  
Fill earth and sky, in speechless magnitude.

## FROM MY TRAIN WINDOW

As day slips slowly by to early dusk  
And weary workmen homeward turn their steps—  
As lamps along the narrow streets shine out  
Protectingly to guide the toiler home—  
Unending ripples, to contrast, appear:  
A stark and lonely tree against the sky;  
Gray boles, all velvety with thick dank moss;  
A ruminating cow and scampering colt—  
Disdain, defiance, in each startled look;  
Dull red swamp fires in far-off hobo camps;  
The long shrill calls of freight trains going by,  
A lonely echo answering from the hills;  
The lights in darky shanties twinkling low;  
As songs of old come faintly through the air;  
The whirring of a giant plane in flight;  
A lazy stream and chuckling waterfall;  
And from my railway coach, all nature seems  
At rest, as we speed on into the night.

—*Eleanor B. Patrick*

## REVERIE

In that unfathomable gray,  
Strange prelude to the break of day,  
When small queer noises fill the air  
And all the earth seems wondrous fair;  
When the faint twitter of a bird  
Astir in that still hour is heard,  
And the glad splashing of a brook  
Persists and thrills me as I look,  
Gay fitful gleams of yellow light  
Arouse from sleep the long dark night;  
And crimson flames across the sky  
Join in a song to glorify  
A lambent presence in my breast,  
A freshly vibrant welcome guest,  
Expectancy, and with each day  
Fulfillment in some glad new way.

—*Eleanor B. Patrick*

## MY LITTLE BOY

My little boy is only four,  
Though sometimes seems oh so much more.  
With eager eyes he questions mine  
And ponders any thoughtful sign.

Uncanny wisdom, little lad  
To sense at once, when I am sad  
And comfort me and make me glad  
That I have him as well as Dad.

My little boy is shy at times,  
Like those I knew in childhood rhymes;  
But he is just so very good  
I would not change him if I could.

My little boy completes my world—  
A grateful tribute, thus unfurled  
Of love fulfilled— a mother's joy—  
To know and love her little boy.

—*Marian Patrick Collins*

## MY SONG

The song I sing will be no stirring cry  
Inspiring men  
To deeds of valor. I  
Would only tell  
Of God's small growing things;  
And lift my voice while all my being sings  
With joy too great to bear it silently  
When magic budding Spring  
Transforms a tree,  
When gay-clad tulips stand  
In jaunty rows,  
A military air about their pose.  
I sing of hyacinths, of stars and grass,  
And touch at Beauty's skirts  
As swift they pass  
These fleeting days, too bright,  
I would make long,  
And wake the fragile mood in this, my song.

## MISER

They say that I am prodigal, too free  
With what is mine, too prone to make a gift  
Beyond my means. They also say that thrift  
Is foreign to my nature. Who can see  
That I, in many ways, am miserly?  
Who knows how I have hoarded up each swift  
Breath-taking flight of bird, preserved the lift  
My spirit feels when snow enshrouds a tree?

The deep, true ways of love; a child's sweet kiss;  
Warm glance of laughter shared; unbidden tears;  
Remembered sunlight spilled like pulsing bliss  
Across a Spring-touched world- oh, magic years!  
Such moments I have treasured. Let me boast.  
I have not wasted that which counted most.

—*Eleanor Owen Penick*

## EMPTY LOT

The snow transforms the empty lot  
Into a dazzling faery spot;  
The pile of cans  
And rusty tubs,  
Are mysteries now,  
And tall, dead shrubs  
Gleam plume-like in the frosty light,  
And where the drifts lie deep and white  
A sapling  
Like a shining spire  
Throws shadows  
Purple and sapphire;  
The snow revealing crystal grace,  
Enchants this rude and barren place.

## WIND

The Wind  
Glides down a stair  
Of moonbeams when he has  
Polished the shining blue floors of  
Heaven.

Each star  
Is freshly cleaned  
And hung, the white cloud-beds  
Fluffed up— and then the Wind goes home  
To rest.

## DAY LILY

Copper  
Colored, and tall,  
Offering for one day  
The year's bright tribute of beauty  
To June.

—*Letitia Penprase*

## GROWTH

I think the flowers must surely know, much more  
Of Heaven's beauty than is shown to me,  
Or they could never grow so chastely fair  
And beautiful, amid decaying leaves  
And mouldered earth, nor could their fragile shoots  
Bestir amidst the ice and snow, and wake  
To brave the chilling winds of early Spring;  
How very warm their hearts must be, and close  
To God's enfolding love, to feel His pulse  
That beats with vibrant life, within their veins,  
And know its warmth of love that heeds no storms  
Or icy blasts, but has the greater power  
That melts away their cold; Oh, let me grow  
As close as they to God, and feel His love  
So warmly near, That I no more shall fear  
Earth's storms, nor cease to grow when winter comes.

## RECOMPENSE

Emotional fires are born  
To cool and die; their ashes  
Soon forgotten, as are dreams;  
But in-born hopes that seem to fade,  
Mellow the heart— with a chastened peace;  
And a love that is true lives on  
In embers still unspent, that leave  
A softened fadeless glow  
Of tranquility and calm.

—*Laura Hoagland Pierce*



## THE MILKY WAY

One time there must have been a dairy maid  
Who spilled her milk when tripping down the sky;  
For well the path is marked, on which I spy  
A host of silver footprints are displayed,  
Which twinkle merrily and never fade.  
She must have longed to serve, and fain would try  
To leave a pathway there, designed so high  
That it might shine beyond a brief decade.

She must have been a Cinderella too,  
And courted by a prince with charming grace,  
Whose helmet— for his valor— held a star;  
And from whose sword the gleam of light flashed through  
The velvet sky, unlimited by space—  
To guard the pathway where her footprints are.

## HEAVENLY BLUE

In an old-fashioned garden  
Where hollyhocks grew,  
Was a shrub which my mother called:  
"Heavenly Blue."  
On its crown was a halo  
Of flower-brocades,  
Of the bluest of blues,  
In the rarest of shades.  
I have gazed at the blue  
In the hills after dawn,  
And at clouds of blue butter-flies  
Poised on the lawn;  
Or a patch of clear blue  
In the far-distant skies,  
Or a bevy of maids  
With the bluest of eyes;  
I have marveled, in awe,  
I have watched with delight  
For the wings of a bluebird  
Just ready for flight;  
I confess though, to me  
There was never a hue  
To compare with my mother's  
"Heavenly Blue."

—Charlotte M. Roberts

## COURSES

Throughout chill days blue wings whirl overhead;  
With chatting sounds they wedge their way back home.  
Past pilot stars, against a moon-tipped dome,  
Their course is marked straight as a silver thread.

The last songbird has sung his farewell lay;  
The leaves, dry bones of summer, fall and mould,  
While smell of hickory smoke blends with the cold,  
And silent streams flow on their sluggish way.

When morning comes, the first light snow is laid,  
And makes the world once more newborn and fair.  
I look back on the trail my feet ensnare,  
And see the winding path my life has made.

—*Myrtes-Marie Plummer*

## ORB OF GOLD

An orb of gold  
Upon expanse of blue,  
The shining sun comes up  
Each day anew;  
It fills us with conviction  
Life is good,  
And sends us singing  
On in brotherhood.

—*Doris Miller*

## CURE FOR LONELINESS

When my heart is lonely  
And folks are cold to me;  
When the days are gloomy  
I seek a fragrant lea.

Trees are never lonely  
They smile in ecstasy;  
Waving their hands so comely  
From gloom they set me free.

—*William James Robinson*

## SUPREME LOVE

Love is a presence supreme and eternal,  
    Bathing the season in beauty and light;  
Guiding the planets, and painting the flowers,  
    Crimsoning morning and silvering night.

Furnishing perfume for lilacs and roses,  
    Scattering petals so velvety soft;  
Lifting our visions to Mind's meditation,  
    Up from the valleys to mountains aloft.

Day in its brightness and birds in their singing,  
    Flowers in fragrance and glory of spring,  
Tell us of Love and his vintage of beauty,  
    God of creation, our heavenly King.

## HIDING IN THY PRESENCE

I am hiding in Thy presence  
    In the secret place,  
Safe from every foe and arrow,  
    Sheltered by Thy grace.

What if heavy clouds should lower,  
    Dark with care and fear,  
Error could not harm or find me,  
    Thou forever near.

Hidden in the secret harbor,  
    Shadowed by Thy wing,  
I shall praise Thy name in gladness,  
    Free, rejoice and sing.

—*Jennie Baird Schooley*

## THE WIND

Singing a song to the listening forest,  
Tearing the lace  
From the crest of the waves,  
Flinging the shreds  
To the sirens that beckon  
Sunbeams to dance in their shadowy caves;  
Stalking the peaks of the loftiest mountains,  
Breaking the stillness  
Of perilous heights  
Boldly he comes  
On his billowy pinions  
Taking my heart on adventurous flights;  
Filling my mind with his freedom and daring  
Pouring the sound  
Of his song in my ears.  
The wind is my lover  
I yield to his wooing  
Winging away from the duty of years.

## SOME THINGS

Some things are too lovely to touch with a word,  
The smile of a flower,  
The song  
Of a bird;  
The light  
From a star  
That is aeons away;  
The peace that wells up at the close of the day,  
In hearts that have given their best to attend  
The needs of the helpless,  
In want  
Of a friend;  
The hush  
When I know  
That a prayer has been heard;  
These things are too lovely to touch with a word.

—*Marjorie Woody Scott*

## PIONEER MOTHER

Inspired by faith she sought a new frontier  
This Mother  
Whom we call the pioneer.  
Courageously she rode  
Beside her man,  
To blaze a trail where highways never ran.  
Her lonely cabin unadorned and crude  
Became her shrine  
Through years of solitude.  
She planted seeds  
Of Truth and Loyalty,  
Within the hearts of her posterity.  
Around her brow a wreath of glory shone  
Reflected from  
The Great Creator's Throne.  
And ages yet unborn  
Her creed must learn,  
Ere to the land of shadows they return.

—*Pearl Lange Schuler*

## THE ROAD THROUGH THE ORCHARD

The road through the orchard is fragrant and fair,  
The crab-apple blossoms  
Are scenting the air.  
The old winding road underneath blooming trees  
Is cluttered with petals that fell in the breeze.  
The billowy clouds  
In the blue of the sky,  
Form mountains of snow as they slowly pass by.

—*Emmy Kay Schuler*

## FAITH

When we stood in the gloom  
At the bend of the river of death,  
In the valley of sighs,  
With the darkness that crowds the bereft;  
When we heard and we felt  
The cold washing of sand on the bank,  
Then our soul and our mind  
Knew a fear as our heart failed and sank.

And we waved a farewell  
As our faith sent a beam on ahead  
By the light of our hope  
For the friend we had mourned as dead,  
And that glimmer of faith  
From our soul shed a gleam that grew wide,  
And it sighted the craft  
Sailing frail, drifting far from our side.

Then, Lo! the glory of life  
We beheld in the rise of the sun,  
And the opposite shore  
Was as close as when life had begun;  
And the promise we thought  
Had been made of a far away land,  
By our faith we have found  
It is close, it is close, just at hand.

## ORCHARD NIGHT

We walk again the orchard lane,  
As summer plans her flight,  
Through blue washed haze  
All cider sweet  
When breezes stir the night;  
The autumn lantern swung aloft  
Amid the sleepy stars,  
Spreads saffron gold  
On dew drop pearls,  
And strews with silver bars,  
The pathway at our feet.

—*Mabel Shepard*

## MIRACLE

How can one look upon the budding rose  
And say the days of miracles are past?  
Within its petals it is holding fast  
The future germs of life, now in repose.  
Who can explain the wonder that it grows,  
Or comprehend the mystery at last  
That made it spring from lowly earth, and cast  
An aureole of beauty? No one knows.

If we could solve the riddle of the flowers,  
Or of the living grass that forms the sod,  
The verdure that sustains the life of men,  
We could come closer to creative powers  
That lurk in darkness of the dusty clod,  
And know why spring will bear the rose again.

—I. R. Sherwin

## HEARTH FIRE

Upon the hearth the driftwood fire burns low,  
With softly creeping tongues of scarlet flame;  
I watch the age-old apparition glow  
With prisoned sun that kindled brands reclaim.  
These flitting lights hold Vestal fires of ages,  
A thousand smoldering gleams where sentries trod,  
The meager flames of wisdom-haunted sages,  
And holy fires that rise to honor God.

How many millions since the world was made,  
Have trusted dreams to crimson argosies  
Of drifting fire! In phantom masquerade  
Lover wins love, the warrior victories,  
The mother blessedness, the youth delight;  
Old ghosts are stalking through this fire tonight.

—Alberta McMahon Sherwin

## NATURE'S HOUSE

At twi-light's hour, I hastened to its call,  
And found the house  
All ready for its guest;  
The roof a dome of blue,  
Of black and green,  
And palest yellow which the Master mixed;  
Then pierced it here and there that light could shine  
From lamps above,  
Reflected from His face;  
The green beneath was  
Carpet for my feet,  
At twi-light's hour,  
And blossom, bush, and tree  
Were furnishings of Nature's regal house.

## DAY

The day is glad, the earth is green,  
The air is full of life unseen;  
    The clouds above float idly by,  
    And leave quaint figures in the sky,  
Which form a stately go-between.

The morning's glow is satin-sheen,  
And noon-time throws a mirky screen  
    Where sultriness and stillness lie;  
    The day is glad.

The afternoon is slow of mein;  
Its fading dullness seems to lean,  
    And stifles every weary sigh;  
    The evening shadows, born to die,  
Still linger like a stately queen.  
    The day is glad.

—*Jessie B. Sheuerman*



## INTERIOR DECORATION

I felt the wind sweep through the chilly room,  
And saw the emptiness of comforts where  
The evening shadows cast their solemn gloom,  
And all the walls were desolate and bare.  
One could not from the looks of things assume  
That any body could be living there.  
And yet it is not very hard to find  
A wind swept place like this within the mind.

## HE WHO SPEAKS

He who speaks,  
And creates in others  
A desire to learn,  
Is a Teacher.

He who speaks,  
And antagonizes others  
With argument,  
Is a Lawyer.

He who speaks,  
Admonishing others  
To reformation,  
Is a Preacher.

He who speaks,  
To himself and  
Governs his soul,  
Is a Philosopher.

He who speaks,  
And pours out his soul  
In worship  
Is a Poet.

—*Bess Foster Smith*

## PORTRAIT

They had so little, in their narrow way,  
A hilly farm, a tiny garden patch,  
A weather-beaten house, ragged and gray,  
A pair of mules whose color did not match.  
They had a white-faced cow, a hog or two,  
And weary days of toil that stretched ahead,  
Their goal so distant, leisure hours few,  
Their stony acres yielding little bread.  
But when the farthest hill drank up the sun,  
Soft dusk met lamplight in their quiet room,  
And when the length of sun-parched day was done,  
The breeze came sweet from fields of clover bloom.  
And still he faced the years of scanty yield,  
And brought her dogwood blossoms from the field.

—*Alma Robison Higbee*

## I SHALL TAKE TIME

I shall take time to know beauty of hills  
When silvered by a slowly rising moon,  
A shining disc of pearl that tilts and spills  
A molten flagstone path on the lagoon.  
Nor shall routine or duty tether me  
When wild geese call from out an autumn sky,  
And bittersweet, with coral jewelry,  
Festoons the trees where chestnut carpets lie.  
And I shall pause to hear the cardinal,  
Or catch a glimpse of bluebirds on the wing.  
Then when days come that are less beautiful—  
For happiness is such a fragile thing—  
Deep in my heart these memories I shall hold . . .  
Nor mind oncoming years . . . nor growing old.

—*Etta Hammers Spitzer*

## NEAR GARDEN PATHS

Near garden paths, the flowers grow  
And nod their heads, when breezes blow;  
They ask for naught, but give their best  
In rare perfume, to hearts distressed,  
They give the world a beauty show.

They lilt and whisper sweet and low,  
With radiance they smile and glow,  
While joyous birds abide and nest,  
Near garden paths.

Safe in a haven that they know,  
Where they can sing, and come and go  
Each day, and feel their eager quest,  
For safety to their home is blest,  
And they can watch their fledglings grow,  
Near garden paths.

## DEEP DUSK

In the hour of  
Deep dusk,  
Fireflies,  
Like Neon lights,  
Flit in mad revelry,  
To tunes  
The crickets play;  
Soft breezes  
Fan the air,  
To which perfumed flowers,  
Add their fragrant applause,  
In the hour of  
Deep dusk.

## THE MIDAS TOUCH

The autumn sun has touched with gold,  
The leaves, and seeds upon the trees,  
As though to gild a story told;  
The autumn sun has touched with gold,  
And ripened them to take the cold  
Preparing them for winter's freeze.  
The autumn sun has touched with gold,  
The leaves and seeds upon the trees.

—*Harriet Mae Stayton*

## OMNIPRESENCE

O God of Life, of Truth and Love,  
Thy kingdom is not far away;  
Thy pilgrims lift their eyes above,  
Transcending clouds of mortal clay,  
And catch the gleaming light of day  
To find as near as breath of prayer  
Or, as the sun's pervading ray,  
Thy kingdom shining everywhere.

With thought ascending like a dove  
In winging through the sky of May,  
I see, oh God, eternal Love  
In every flower, leaf and spray  
And know Thou art the Light, the way;  
And that as pilgrims in Thy care  
We see enlightened as we pray,  
Thy kingdom shining everywhere.

We see Thy lilies blow and prove  
In fields where flowers nod and sway,  
That in Thee all things live and move  
And that Thy children sing a lay,  
With open eyes, in trust obey  
Thy law of Love, Thy truth declare  
To all creation and display  
Thy kingdom shining everywhere.

O, God of Life where angels stay,  
Thy joyous children upward fare  
See in Thy light, eternal day,  
Thy kingdom shining everywhere.

—*Myrtle Woolery Stearns*

## OCTOBER

Resplendent you come with your banners aflame,  
The vanguard of autumn, October your name,  
In lavish abandon  
You scatter your gold,  
A princess in jewels,  
Superb to behold.  
You deck all the hillsides  
With crimsoning glow,  
By painting the foliage bright as you go  
With orange and scarlet, supplanting the green,  
And cover the whole  
With a glistening sheen,  
Of diamond dew  
From your bountiful store,  
And gorgeous chrysanthemums  
Bring by the score!  
Resplendent you come with your banners aflame,  
A pageant of beauty, October your name.

## DEPARTING SUMMER

Our glorious summer days will soon be gone,  
No longer will the robin's lay be heard,  
For Autumn soon will sing her muted song,  
And call to southward flight each happy bird.  
But summer has her work all neatly done,  
The golden wheat is gathered into sheaves,  
The ripened corn stands gleaming in the sun  
And now a yellow glow comes on the leaves.  
The last of Summer's flowers kissed by rain,  
In vivid beauty now are blazing forth,  
Almost we think the spring is here again,  
But soon the wind will come from out the north,  
And flowers then will quietly depart  
Bequeathing Autumn's beauty to the heart.

—*Lurline Hughes Swain*

## PICTURE IN THE WOODS

One glorious September day  
I found a beautiful tree standing alone;  
It was red as the flame of a campfire  
In the twilight.  
A cloud white and graceful as a swan  
Drifted lazily in a clear blue sky,  
Red tree, white cloud and blue sky,  
The colors of our flag,  
Used by the clever hand of nature  
Creating a picture of rare beauty,  
Framed by the burnished gold of majestic autumn.  
If man could paint such beauty on a canvas  
He would be famous;  
To hang it in a gallery would be desecration.  
Finding it here in the woods is an inspiration  
That will linger in my memory forever.

## MY VALENTINE

My valentine has eyes of honey brown  
That twinkle with delight when I appear,  
And red-gold curls that cluster like a crown  
About her bonny face. And when I hear  
The pitter-patter of her feet draw near  
My heart is glad. Sometimes we snuggle down  
And read of fairy folk, without a fear;  
Her eyelids drop, she is in sleepy town.  
I hold her close against my grateful heart,  
And treasure every minute of our play,  
To dream about when we may drift apart  
For little girls grow big and go away.

## FANS

The trees like fans of black and silver lace  
Against a velvet sky of smoky white,  
Are jeweled by the evening stars that light  
The swaying branches with a festive grace.  
A flash of fire across the heavens trace  
The beauty of the fans as they ignite  
A sparkle for an instant warm and bright—  
The hand of God had photographed the place.

—Margaret Swigart

## WOODS OF YESTERDAY

The blossoms in the woods of yesterday  
Whispered in a language all their own. The sun  
Had filtered through the leaves in God's own way  
And warmed each growing thing till day was done.

The violets that grew in twos and crowds,  
Each purple bonnet on a thin green stem,  
Made a sun-shade of the gauzy clouds,  
While old Sweet William went along with them.

The tang of woodsy camp smoke in the air  
Led to a gypsy trail—a quiet road  
Where everything was gay and debonair—  
Far from the drive of life's unending goad.

In dreams I walked back to those woods today,  
With youth and hope, companions all the way.

—*Belle Van Natta*

## THE FLANDERS DEAD

In Flanders Fields around are spread  
The upturned faces of the dead,  
Who sacrificed their lives to free  
The world from strife and tyranny,  
That peace and freedom reign instead.

Beneath the sky a light is shed  
Upon the poppy's nodding head  
Where they await the reveille,  
In Flanders Fields.

May fleeting Time still softly tread  
While passing by their silent bed  
Until their peaceful slumbers be  
Awakened in eternity,  
And the last prayer for them be said,  
In Flanders Fields.

—*Henry Polk Lowenstein*

## DEATH IS DEAD

It is not death to die, but life instead;  
It is the dawn of day above the dread  
And mortal fear of death;  
The night has flown;  
Enraptured I explore  
The vast unknown!  
And death no longer threatens as a foe,  
But serves me as a means of letting go,  
As with awakening sight new gleams appear,  
Revealing God:—  
In words: "Lo I am near."  
I realize  
Eternity is here.  
The dream of mortal life is done,  
And death is dead, but immortality is won.

## CHARADE OF SPRING

When winter sheathes his scimitar of woe,  
And all the earth awakes to songs of spring,  
And violets blend azure with the snow,  
In the charade of every growing thing,  
I do not wonder nesting birds must sing  
As morning wakes, the heavens all aglow!  
I too enjoy escape from such a king,  
And sense a subtle urge to breathe and grow.  
The sylvan hills when draped in gauzy white  
And reddened tapestry of fiery hue;  
The sponge-like mushroom growing over night,  
The meadows wrapped in sheen of radiant blue,  
The wild bird lightly poised at dizzy height,  
Persuade me I shall also live anew.

—George K. Vaughan



## THE NORTH DAKOTA BAD LANDS

Awesome, aloof,— revealing life  
Of regions,  
Harmony and strife.  
This broken earth,  
Forever giving birth  
To changes, with weird, silent shapes  
Spellbounds imagination, as it drapes  
In violet haze,  
For bewildered gaze,  
Formations like shattered spires,  
Shadowing red clay, left by coal mine fires.  
Here a face, or fortress rising out of sage  
And there a ship, blown-up in rage.  
And strata of that naked butte  
Tell history, though mute;  
In spite its crown of prairie land,  
Aged forests and ocean sand  
Are bedded in its side,  
Where nameless creations and fossils abide.  
Into the distance, canyons trail their way  
In panoramic scenes of blue, red, and gray.  
Climbing the slopes, green cedars seek  
The sun; while topmost peak  
Invites the golden eagle to his nest.  
Native coyotes pause, silhouetted on a lower crest,  
And spaces once echoing the Indian cry  
Are overgrown with yucca lilies and cacti.  
Badlands, to ancient explorer an obstruction;  
To modern tourists, a colossal dream.

## SURVIVAL

They have survived: a man and tree!  
His face is smeared with dust  
His bucket lined with rust,  
But drouth has lost a victory.  
Deserted by both bird and bee,  
The spruce enchants the eye,  
Though partly scorched and dry.  
They are a joyous pair to see.

—*Frances Vejtasa*

## THE BUTTERFLY

Spirit of the perfumed bowers,  
Sipping nectar  
From the flowers,  
Giving splendor to the lawn  
In the glint of crimson dawn;  
You are more  
Than butterfly,  
You are grandeur from the sky.  
Crawling first through dust and slime,  
Passing days  
Through dismal time;  
Drab the colors that you wore  
Creeping on earth's dingy floor;  
Then you went  
To meet your doom,  
Sleeping in a silken room.  
Light as thought, your winging free,  
Now you soar  
Above the lea,  
While the meadow's coloring  
Blends with your translucent wing.  
You are more  
Than butterfly;  
Beauty's symbol from on high.

## BORROWERS

The Moon looks down with a borrowed light  
And softly the moonbeams fall;  
It is better to shine with a borrowed light  
Than never to shine at all.  
The mockingbird sings with another's trill,  
With a cadence sweet and strong;  
It is better to sing with another's trill  
Than never to sing a song.

—Robin A. Walker

## WEAVER

O Weaver of beauty, designing the day  
    With splashes of lavender, shading to blue,  
How lovely the pattern your fingers portray;  
    You weave with perfection the color and hue.

With corals you fashion the tint of the dawn  
    And stars lose the luster that silvered the night;  
With amber you jewel the dew on the lawn,  
    Your shuttles are flashes of radiant light.

You brighten with opals the rain in the air,  
    While boisterous winds toss the warp on your loom  
At evening you spangle the heavenly stair  
    And crimson the shadows that enter my room.

I love you, O Weaver, designer of art,  
For tapestries hung on the walls of my heart.

## WINTER'S GEMS

The faded hills stood shivering and cold  
    Beneath the icy fingers of the night;  
    A filmy curtain draped the petaled light  
That fell in scanty streaks upon the old  
And spangled earth whose glory seemed to hold  
    My heart in breathless wonder; lost to sight  
    A crescent moon untied her sheen of white  
And sought in vain to splash the clouds with gold.

The waters danced and shimmered on the lakes  
    As snow-winged jewels reached them thick and fast;  
    With touching silence barren trees stood still,  
To catch the diamonds tossed to them in flakes  
    Of rumpled down, lest bits should hurry past  
    And leave their priceless gems on some far hill.

—Cora E. Wells

## THESE THINGS

These things are still her sweetest valentines:  
A ring that seals the marriage vow,  
A house that is a home,  
A baby's face  
That peers  
Through tears  
To win her grace.  
The man on fertile loam  
When spring recalls the gleaming plow,  
To mark the fields with deep and fluted lines,  
Where soon will show the trail of greening vines;  
The sweat that beads his weathered brow,  
As well, the restless foam  
On seas that race  
The years.  
Nor fears  
Can ever trace  
Her cheek, for though a dome  
May tempt the rich, as yet somehow  
These things are still her sweetest valentines.

—Tirzah E. Wallace

## THERE SLEEPS A SPRING

Beneath the snow and ice there sleeps a spring  
As fair as any mortal eyes have seen,  
She only waits the time when she may fling  
Aside the somber shroud for dress of green;  
This gown she dons must have a silver sheen  
As though its warp were threads of thin spun light,  
Unraveled by the stars that come to preen  
Themselves in scraps of velvet left by night,  
And dance until the rising sun puts them to flight.  
She sleeps, to wake when winter, tired and old  
Has lost his power to cast a magic spell;  
She will arise with tulips, red and gold,  
Entwined within her hair; her songs will tell  
The earth that she is come and all is well;  
Then melted snow will find the thirsty brook,  
And eager trees will feel the leaf buds swell,  
While spring, beside the mirror lake will look  
A charming shepherdess with flowers for her crook.

—Ann Williams

## TROPICAL MOON DREAM

Night when the moon in its beauty is shining,  
Peeking through branches of tropical trees,  
Back on the prairie the wheat fields are waving,  
Beckoning me from the islands and seas.

Night when the moon of the tropic is gleaming,  
Warm as the sun of a prairial sky,  
Often I think of the gold of the harvest,  
Ripening grain, or a coyote's cry;  
Buffalo wallows that dotted the prairies,  
Hills where the thickets are laden with plums,  
Mental mirages enhancing my vision,  
Echoes from toil where the harvester hums  
Ring in my ears like the song of the siren,  
Deadening music the islander strums.

## OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

In the lovely old garden rare flowers grew,  
Every variety, color and hue.

There were four-o'clocks, asters, marigolds and stocks,  
Live forever, pansies, verbenas and phlox.

Sweet William, poppy, petunia and mint,  
Morning glory blossoms of a pastel tint.

Bushes of snowball and bridal wreath, too;  
Ragged robin, violets, larkspur—all blue.

Lilies of the valley, bleeding hearts of red;  
Dusty miller used as border for a bed.

Tiger lilies and honeysuckle vines,  
Blossoms more fragrant than perfumes or wines.

Gardener, you say these flowers are not rare?  
Ah, but you do not know who planted them there.

—*Billie Williams*

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